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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE regret the events which have occurred at Constantinople, and especially the death of Nazim Pasha. It is not possible to think that he realised the expectations which were commonly held that he was a consummate strategist, but at least, under conditions which, we suspect, rendered failure almost inevitable, he maintained a courageous front, and used every possible endeavour to defend his country. We think the Powers are to blame for the situation which has arisen. A few weeks ago we wrote that "the demand for the surrender of Adrianople is an outrage to which no self-respecting nation can be expected to submit." If the Powers, instead of bullying the Porte, had imparted to the Allies what a vast number of people think about them, their methods, and their prospects, they would have been reduced to a condition of humility which would have eliminated inflated pretension, and secured for them much better terms than they can lay claim to.

We have not yet reached the stage of civilisation when the one book which is said to be within the compass of every man's ability is duly written, and it is to be hoped that such a time is far distant; but the fact is now placed on record that over twelve thousand books were published last year—an increase of more than eleven hundred upon the total for the year before. These figures relate, of course, to the British Isles alone; Germany, with her large output of philosophic literature, and France, with her indefatigable romanticists, are for the present out of the question. In another column the theory which advocates "limitation of output" is discussed; meanwhile, to the imaginative person, the total is almost too impressive, and the chains of print chafe intolerably. Pondering upon this inky flood, we are almost tempted to emigrate to some coral atoll where the science of printing and the art of publishing are unknown, where the roar of the sea beyond the still lagoon takes the place of the diapason of Fleet Street, and where men, if they should be smitten with irrepressible ideas that clamour for immortality, would perforce scratch them laboriously on pieces of bark or the carapace of a crab—thus, incidentally, learning lessons of brevity and concentration. Volumes so composed would not run into many editions; but they would possess considerably more value as expressions of human thought than nine-tenths of the stories of these prolific northern climes, and their authors would suffer no qualms as to royalties, since they would be their own publishers.

The Bacon Society held a well-attended dinner at the Trocadero Restaurant on Wednesday last. There could be no doubt as to the genuine conviction and enthusiasm of the members of the Society in support of their theory, and excellent speeches, full of deductive reasoning, were delivered by Mr. Harold Hardy, Mr. W. T. Smedley, and Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence. Bacon has been, and always will be, an attractive subject of speculation. Whether he secretly married Queen Elizabeth, as a learned judge has recently suggested, or whether, as Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence advanced, he was, in addition to his acknowledged works, also the author of the Shakespearean plays and sonnets; of Chaucer as we have his works; of Spenser's "Faerie Queen"; of the authorised version of the Scriptures; of "Don Quixote"—hitherto attributed to Cervantes—and possibly of "Paradise Lost," "Comus," "L'Allegro," "If Penseroso," and the versions of the Psalms and Hymns, the authorship of which has been accredited to Milton, Bacon was at least a very exceptional and remarkable man, and is entitled to his meed of worship, a meed which we think it is a pity to allow to degenerate into undiluted hero-worship. We have decided not to adopt the Baconian faith, because we have failed in plumbing the bottomless abyss into which we might—as by the voice of the siren—be beguiled.

In the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon

Here peace perennial dwells and certitude.
Let mountebank and idler the fair day
Trouble with talk, without these precincts grey ;
The babble of the vain hysterick brood,
That, for the sating of their cynic mood,
The reverence of the ages would betray,
Here, face to face with Shakespeare, fades away
And leaves us sole with him and solitude.

His death-delivered eyes, from Heaven's blue gate
Forth-straining far beyond life's querulous sea,
Follow the infinite mystery, sphere on sphere.
Hence fools, and fret not with your idle prate
The presence of his mighty memory !
His silence leave to this great soul austere.

JOHN PAYNE.

Lessons from Antiquity*

M R. STOBART'S new volume in respect of rapid and suggestive narration presents a picture of ancient Rome no less fascinating than his previous work, which so graphically depicted the vanished splendours of Hellenic culture and civilisation. The author opens with happy phrases, which are carefully evolved as his work marches to climax :—

Athens and Rome stand side by side as the parents of Western civilisation. Rome is so obviously masculine and robust ; Greece endowed with so much loveliness and charm. Rome subjugates by physical conquest and government. Greece yields so easily to the Roman might, and then in revenge so easily dominates Rome itself, with all that Rome has conquered, by the mere attractiveness of superior humanity.

In so far as the histories of Greece and Rome are intertwined, the author never loses sight of or gets out of touch with his initial thesis. The influence of Greek literature on that of Rome is a matter of common knowledge, and, as the pupil of a great master has seldom attained to the eminence of his archetype, so it would be a bold critic who would claim for Latin literature an equal pre-eminence with Attic glories.

In another field distinctive features are equally apparent. Blood and iron founded and cemented the Roman Empire ; in Greece martial genius was manifested indeed, but its display was mainly episodal. Whilst it is impossible to ignore the close relation existing between Greek and Roman civilisation and history, there is to the British student a more intimate, a more personal interest in the history of Imperial Rome. Rome, it must be remembered, was imperial, before the governing system was monarchical. In the days of the sway of

Consuls and Senates, Rome was in all but name clothed in the purple.

To us the history of the greatest empire of historic antiquity is full of parallels and replete with apposite lessons touching the Rise—and it may be the Fall—of the greatest Empire of modern times.

The march of luxury ; the decay of morals ; the disinclination to personal service ; the creeping paralysis of apathy ; the ebb of patriotism—all such symptoms may be traced in an autopsy of British tendencies. The traces to-day are happily mainly granular, but the religion of patriotism and all that it involves must be cultivated as the sovereign antidote to insidious development. The analogy is obvious in the following passage :—

Although in the time of Augustus there were over four million full Roman citizens, there were only about 140,000 men in the ranks of the legions. It seems a dangerously small army to hold such vast frontiers.

As showing the decay of military spirit at the same period, it is related by Suetonius that a Roman knight was sold into slavery because he had chopped off his son's thumbs in order to evade military service. It is true that Rome in some respects—subsequent to the Punic Wars—did not perhaps need a large standing army, because, with the exception of Spain, which proved hard to conquer, she was mainly surrounded by barbarians and feudatories. Her system, curiously similar to our own, was to conciliate those over whom she obtained sway, and in the main to grant self-government with as little central interference as was possible. Owing largely to this policy in the reign of Augustus within the circle of the armed frontiers *Pax Romana* reigned supreme.

It has been pointed out by Professor Gardthausen that there is in other respects a marked similarity between problems before the Roman Army and those which face the British Empire. With her distant provinces in Africa and Asia, Rome was bound to counteract the problem of distance by initiating greater speed of transport, and she also adopted the expedient of drilling native troops and expecting provinces to guard themselves.

The question of food supply was always a difficult one, and candidates for the Senate were wont to use as an election cry, some "cheap" and the more daring "free" corn. The author truly observes :—

The Republic had been shipwrecked on finance, almost as much as on the military system, and there is some truth in Mommsen's epigram :—" The Romans had bartered their liberty for the corn-ships of Egypt."

Here we must leave this fascinating and beautifully illustrated book. Viewing that majestic Empire at the distance of centuries, we may indeed exclaim :—

" Whither is fled the visionary gleam.

Where is it now, the glory and the dream ? "

CECIL COWPER.

* *The Grandeur that was Rome*. By J. C. Stobart, M.A. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 30s. net.)

Too Many Books

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

ONE of the crying needs of the age is a Society for the Suppression of Statisticians. A nerve-ridden generation has already suffered more than enough at the hands of the perversely industrious jugglers with figures, who make it their business to bring to light startling and disquieting facts of which it would be much better to remain in blissful ignorance, and to "rub them in" with all the irritating machinery of precise computations and minutely elaborated tables of comparison. Since the turn of the year, the statistical fiend has been busy among the publishers' records, and has succeeded in elucidating the depressing fact that, during 1912, the issues of new books of all varieties amounted to a grand total of close upon thirteen thousand—an advance of considerably more than a thousand upon the sufficiently alarming figures of the previous year. We had better not have known it; for then we should have been spared the afflicting realisation of the vast amount of wasted effort and unrewarded labour which has gone to the making of this literary deluge.

But, the statistic-mongers being inexorable, there is nothing for it but to take their figures as we find them, and to make our account with the fact that the output of new books continues to increase year by year, until it threatens to reach the proportions of an overwhelming flood. As usual, that most reckless of bi-sexual irrepressibles, the superfluous novelist, was responsible for the heaviest contribution to last year's appalling book-total. Between New Year's Day and New Year's Eve, 1912, no fewer than two thousand and twenty-four works of fiction—of sorts—were rained upon the public; and it is a pity that our literary statisticians cannot tell us the exact proportion of these novels that succeeded to any appreciable extent in justifying their existence from the artistic point of view. Yet to assume that the majority of them were, in some way or other, financially worth the while of those who produced—as apart from those who wrote—them, is merely to give the publishers, as a body, credit for so simple an endowment as the capacity for understanding their own business. The unsophisticated reader who, picking up one volume of undiluted rubbish after another, turns away at last with a wearied and bewildered "Cui bono?" may rest assured that all these worthless specimens of crude and stereotyped fiction are not placed upon the book-market without consideration of material advantage to anyone concerned in their production. Publishers, after all, are not members of an altruistic guild of wrong-headed philanthropists. They are, on the contrary, for the most part, eminently shrewd and practical men of business, which is only another way of saying that their transactions are habitually conducted with a view to maintaining the credit side of their balance-sheets in a satisfactorily healthy condition. Also, they have their professional secrets, which they know how to keep to themselves.

Nothing is clearer, therefore, than the futility of the despairing cry for a "limitation of output," which has

been renewed in certain quarters since the full extent of last year's unprecedented avalanche of new books was revealed. Theoretically, and as a counsel of perfection, such limitation must claim the acquiescence of everyone who has ever taken the trouble to think about the matter, and who, consequently, sees cause to regret the growing proportion of tares which are nowadays allowed to grow up among the wheat of each year's literary harvest. As for those whose business it is to pass critical judgment upon new books, they would welcome with intense relief any prospect of the restriction of the year's output within manageable limits by the disappearance of some portion, at least, of the worthless stuff upon which, under present conditions, they are called upon to waste their time, their space, their labour, and their patience. But it is significant that those who vaguely cry out for the imposition of a limit upon the issue of new books are discreetly dumb when faced with the question of how such a limit is to be practically enforced. The publisher's business, be it remembered, is essentially a speculative one—that is to say, when conducted upon legitimate lines. He risks his money in the production of a book on the chance that his estimate of its merits may be confirmed by the reading public, or, at least, by a sufficiently large section of that public to make his venture remunerative. On what conceivable principle, then, would it be justifiable to impose a limit upon his business enterprise by calling on him to reduce and restrict the number of his chances of "hitting the bull's-eye" and negotiating a profitable transaction?

Even in these Socialistic days we are hardly yet trained to contemplate so gross an interference with the liberty of the individual to conduct his own business in his own way. So far as the view of the publishers themselves is concerned, all the available evidence goes to show that they are as far as ever from being convinced of the danger of over-productiveness. Since the beginning of the present year, one enterprising firm has already announced its intention of issuing no fewer than a hundred new works of various kinds in the course of the coming spring season; and, as many of his rivals will doubtless feel that they cannot afford to be left behind in the struggle for numerical supremacy, it is more than likely that the grand total of 1912 will be found to have been eclipsed when the irrepressible enumerator sets to work on his comparative table at the close of the current year. So we may as well make up our minds that, however we may suffer from the deluge, it is to no possible "limitation of output" that we can look to provide us with the much-desired umbrella.

In the Learned World

PROBABLY no monument of antiquity is more familiar to the "man in the street" than the huge winged bulls and lions in the British Museum which Layard found flanking the entrance to the king's palace at Nimrud. In one's youth, one was taught that they were copied from the cherubim who defended the gate of the Garden of Eden, while modern Assyriologists are

all agreed that they represent guardian spirits of one kind or another. Why bulls and lions should have been chosen for this purpose remained a mystery; but M. Léon Heuzey, the learned Conservateur of the Louvre, has lately broken entirely new ground by pointing out that the ancient Babylonians often depicted animals standing on or near musical instruments. He suggests that the difference in such animals corresponded to a difference in the sounds produced by the instruments, and he gives instances from very early bas-reliefs of a ram perched on a drum, a bull standing upon a gigantic harp, and two lions on the "Gates of Heaven," through which the Sun was supposed to issue on his daily course. That in these cases the beasts are intended to denote the sounds given forth by their pedestals seems plain from the texts going back to the 25th century B.C. which he quotes, wherein it is said that "the door [sound-case?] of the lyre is like a bellowing bull," that the cedar doors of the Temple are "like the God of Thunder thundering in the heavens," their bolt "like a raging hound," and so on. Mr. Leonard King, of the British Museum, in supporting M. Heuzey's contention, points out that the gates of an Eastern courtyard are heavy wooden affairs, with great metal pivots grinding in stone sockets, and that the noise made by them in opening may fitly be compared to the bellowing of a bull or the rumbling of thunder, and the squeaking of the bolt to that of a hound in full cry. He therefore thinks M. Heuzey's theory established, and that the colossal bulls and lions in the gateways of the Assyrian palaces are survivals of a time when man believed that, because a door sounded like a bull, there must be an invisible bull concealed somewhere within it which had to be idolized accordingly. Far-fetched as this may seem to those unacquainted with the ideas of primitive folk, Mr. King's is probably the best opinion obtainable in England on such a point, and his view may therefore be accepted provisionally. M. Heuzey's study appeared in the current number of the *Revue d'Assyriologie*, and Mr. King's remarks in the Society of Biblical Archaeology's "Proceedings."

A much vexed question in Egyptology has just been cleared up by a discovery of Mr. King's colleague, Mr. H. R. Hall. In Mr. Towne Whyte's collection is a blue faience bowl, doubtless coming from the Royal Tombs at Thebes, with the usual lotus-leaf decoration, bearing an inscription on alternate leaves of the lotus, which reads, "The royal prince, Juua, prince of Djahi." This Juua can hardly be anyone else than the father of the celebrated Queen Thyi, mother of the "heretic king" Khuenaton, who was buried with his wife in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, literally wrapped in gold. There has always been a doubt as to his nationality, the earlier opinion being that he was of Asiatic blood, while it was discovered some time ago that he had the title of "Keeper of the king's cattle at Akhmin," and might therefore well be a native Egyptian. Mr. Hall, who was the first to read the inscription in full, thinks that the place-name, Djahi, means Palestine; but there can be no doubt that, even if this is not correct, it must refer

to the Lebanon or to Northern Syria, and that Juua was therefore in all probability an Asiatic. The monument will shortly be published, with Mr. Hall's comments, most probably in the "Proceedings" mentioned above, when students of comparative religion will possibly claim it as a confirmation of the theory that the form of sun-worship which Khuenaton himself called "The Doctrine" came from Asia.

After Egypt comes Persia, whose dualistic religion has lately given as much trouble to archaeologists as its political affairs have to the Foreign Offices of Europe. Since we have Zoroastrianism still with us as the faith of our fellow-subjects, the Parsis, it is odd that we should not be able to fix even approximately the date of its founder, Zoroaster. All that we certainly know of its beginnings is that Ardashir, the founder of the Sassanian dynasty and the contemporary of the Emperor Alexander Severus, revived it, gave great power to its magi or priests, and collected the Zoroastrian Bible or Zend-Avesta. Plutarch misled us all by quoting from an earlier Greek writer the exaggerated statement that Zoroaster lived 5,000 years before the Trojan War; but the late James Darmesteter, who made himself an authority on the Zend-Avesta, thought that a more probable date would be 700 B.C. The moot point in the affair is really the invention of the Amshaspands, or six archangels who act as the lieutenants and ministers of Ormuzd or Ahura-Mazda, the supreme God of Light, and who bear names which seem to be descriptive of his attributes. It has been thought that this is too philosophical an idea to be earlier than Greek writers like Plato; but M. A. Carnoy in the current number of the *Muséon* points out that Spenta-Armaiti, or the Divine Wisdom, who is one of the Amshaspands, certainly corresponds to the Vedic goddess Aramati, who, like her Persian namesake, is a sort of personification of Mother Earth. Recent discoveries have shown that the Vedic gods were worshipped in Asia Minor as early as 1200 B.C., and, if M. Carnoy's conclusions be accepted, Zoroaster's date may be put back at least 500 years.

Bulgaria, which has astonished everyone of late by her military prowess, has been just shown to have been the seat of another dualistic religion which at a time not so far removed from us proved itself a formidable rival not only to other faiths, but even to Christianity. This was the faith known as Manichæism, which aimed at incorporating the religions of Zoroaster, Buddha, and Christ in one great synthesis, and affirmed the existence of an evil principle alongside that of the good. Although its founder, Manes, was a Persian, its stronghold, so far as Europe is concerned, was Bulgaria and Thrace, missionaries from which in the 12th century succeeded in winning over nearly the whole of Southern Europe. Georges Sand makes use of the fact in her "Consuelo," but it was thought that the Inquisition, which finally suppressed European Manichæism, had effectually destroyed all written traces of its teaching. Sir Marc Stein, however, in one of his recent journeys to the oases of Chinese Turkestan, discovered a hoard of Manichæan

writings, written in a cryptographic script which the Orientalist scholar, Dr. F. W. K. Müller, of Berlin, has succeeded in deciphering. An account of these, with a brief notice of the doctrines and history of Manichæism generally appears in the current number of the Royal Asiatic Society's "Journal."

Thus the archæological part of the learned world begins the New Year with plenty of new and interesting problems. In more domestic matters the Society of Antiquaries has refused to extend the regular term of its presidency from five to seven years. The Royal Geographical Society has decided to throw open its fellowship to ladies, and it is now unlikely that the decision will be reconsidered.

F. L.

Is it Rise or Fall?

IT has become my habit—quite a proper, even profitable kind of habit, too, I believe—to drop into Maruzen's book store of Western books whenever I pass by Nihonbashi Torii, where my questioning on the real nature of the modern civilisation is always pointed. The general aspect of the street, with electric cars and foreign buildings—all in bad taste—serves to make my old conclusion more firm that the present civilisation is a creation of speculators, wise or foolish—and we are all sad speculators—in the same sense in which the White City originated as a business proposition. The psychological interest is in the point that we even believe it was a spontaneous outgrowth of our mood or impulse. We have many a reason to answer to the name of good adopters given us by the Western critics.

As I passed by Nihonbashi Torii to-day my mind, as usual, was on the book store; presently I found myself climbing up the stairs into the gallery, where I saw the faces of my casual acquaintances, whose expression at once declared the self-same love of foreign literature. I was not troubled by a clerk, as he knew I wished to have my own way with the books. He knew, too, that I would blow the dust off the covers and smooth them with my fingers before I could even open the leaves; I do not mind even straightening them if they are turned up. He knows well the moment when I need him; at that moment I might act, in spite of myself, affectionately and more affectionately with a book which, to be sure, I might take away carefully wrapped in a fukusa wrapper of crape. I saw only a little difference between the books of to-day and those of one week ago; in place of a large stock of Pinero's plays the books of Philips and even John Galsworthy, whose name was first mentioned in the Press only a few days ago, were found; as before, Walter Pater and Nietzsche and George Brandes and Tolstoi are placed side by side.

"Sale of Shaw is slightly falling lately, Sir," the clerk said. "Chesterton is the coming man in Japan."

"How about Wilde?" I ventured.

"We carry quite a stock of 'Dorian Gray' and 'Salome' as you see. However, I think the Japanese

literary taste is at the turning point now; the wonder is about Maupassant, who never fails to interest the Japanese students. By the way, have you read Maeterlinck's latest?"

I thanked him for his suggestion, but I had grown somewhat tired of this author, and the "Blue Bird" is still left on my table unopened. I kept my slow walk amid the books by Ibsen, Kuropatkin, Strindberg, Carl Marx, Wedekind, and a hundred others; I observed that the work of D'Annunzio was holding a little table at the other side. I gradually entered into my usual meditative mood, and wondered how the Imperial Edict on Education of 1890 stood relatively with the pieces of literature. I dare say that the old idea of loyalty and filial piety, of duty (*giri*) and human affection (*ninjō*) can in no way help toward the appreciation of Leonidas Andreiyeff and Gorky, who interest us tremendously. Not only do we eagerly read the books of Western writers, particularly those of naturalistic or anarchistic tendency, which are also put on the stage with success; Ibsen, Bjornson and Shaw are quite familiar already to the modern theatre-goers; even the "Lower Depths," by Gorky, was recently played before an audience of considerable size.

The question is: How can we remain old Japanese in such a composite age, which we fortunately or unfortunately created ourselves?

I am told by a curio dealer that there are almost no colour prints left in Japan, while they are sold and bought at the highest prices in New York and London. It made me reflect that it might be the same with Bushido. How little we have it now in our minds! Although it may sound strange, it is true that we cannot all afford to practise it; its ethics are too expensive for our present life. We have one measure here, that is no other but economy. There is nothing so easy, nothing so cheap to buy, as the Western wisdom; if we feel uncomfortable now under its burden, that one great fact reveals to us that we have failed, after all, to get its real soul. We have many things to say before we can fully acknowledge the success of the present civilisation; and on the other hand, we have lost our old Japanese spirit. That fact is clear to the people who can compare the old and the new, the East and the West; more often to the people who are totally blind to the West and the new. It is a curious fact that the Government, while she is supposed to represent enlightenment, is always somehow hopelessly chauvinistic, especially for the spiritual problem; therefore she often foolishly acts against the tide of current thought of the younger generation who are to build the future Japan.

It was mainly the Government's scheme that the revival of the Chinese classics made its sudden appearance; their archaic simplicity was altogether too invigorating for our modern minds. One should have a strength to adjust the influences which he has received already from various sources before he will wholly accept them. What little impression this attempted Chinese revival produced on our life in general! The Confucian vogue was only momentary. How can we

forget the luxurious taste of literature and philosophy which we learned from the West at such a cost of unconditional submission? Let me say that the above-mentioned Imperial Edict of 1890, known as the Educational Edict, and also the edict of 1908, are chiefly valuable as a protest; it is still to be seen what relation they will form with our intellectual life, whose true aspect of modern change is still unnoticed in the West.

There is no greater decadence, I mean in relation to the intellectual Japanese life, than that of Buddhism; it may be not only the fault of the priests, who in fact do not pray, neither do they preach. Prof. Paul S. Reinsch mentioned in passing in his article on "Intellectual Life in Japan," something about the study of *Hekigenroku* held at the Mitsui Club. I am a student of that particular sect of Buddhism (the Zen sect), and I have been told of the attendance of less than thirty people at the said club. I wonder where the Professor got that figure of "nearly one thousand members." It is a society of men of leisure who regard Buddhism, especially the Zen sect Buddhism, with no fire or passion, but as an old curio whose appraisement is always a source of delight; if the Zen sect continues to exist, it is simply from such an attitude on the part of its students. I have been living now more than three years at Enkakuji, the famous monastery at Kamakura, once a great sanctum of meditation and silence. I believe I can speak with authority on the general condition of the Buddhistic temples of Japan; even Enkakuji cannot afford lately to change the mats of the chambers or to mend its grass roofs. The condition of the other temples throughout Japan might be the same with only a slight difference. The temples that are vassals to Enkakuji, more than ten, barely support themselves by letting their rooms; their impoverished condition is often appalling. And I see another sad instance in Komioji, also a Kamakura temple of the Jodo sect; the roofs and doors are almost ruined, the rain falls in, and things, even to the holy idols, are left at the will of the winds.

There was a time, I mean in the earlier part of the Meiji era, when the intellectual minds went perfectly astray from every form of religion; that was about forty years ago. But it seemed they were regaining afterward a general belief in religion, and its popularity was resuming its formal shape. How is it to-day? It has again lost its own place, during the last few years particularly. As the political change and sudden disturbance of Japanese life shattered the religious faith at the time of the Grand Restoration, so the science, the general scepticism, literature, and philosophy from the West served to make the present faithless age from which we moderns do not even wish to escape. Whether we are happy or unhappy in this strange condition is another question.

YONE NOGUCHI.

The Ven. Archdeacon Wilberforce has written a new devotional work for Lenten reading. The volume, which is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock, is entitled "There is no Death."

REVIEWS

Marie-Antoinette

Marie-Antoinette. Her Early Youth (1770-1774). By LADY YOUNGHUSBAND. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

"**A**T an age," writes Lady Younghusband in her introduction, "when the literary aspirations are chiefly restricted to 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking-Glass,' I pored over the closely-printed pages of Mercy-Argenteau's reports to the Empress." It is the secret correspondence of the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau with the Empress Maria Theresa that forms the basis of the present volume. While fully appreciating the years of labour given to the preparation of this work, and especially the care exercised in only using material of the utmost veracity, we are bound to confess that as a youthful portrait of Marie-Antoinette it is not altogether a success. Lady Younghusband writes: "The main object was to unravel a nebulous if highly attractive personality, and to replace by a human being the kind of lay figure which overmuch indiscriminate reading had tended to produce." Her canvas, however, is sadly overcrowded. She has given us a picture of Marie-Antoinette's contemporaries rather than a vignette of the young Dauphine. "Much, very much," writes Lady Younghusband, "has been left that might have been eliminated with advantage from the point of view of writing a book, on the principle that it is generally easy to skip what is regarded as superfluous or tiresome, while an even simpler remedy for a book that finds no favour in the eyes of those for whom it was intended will not fail to suggest itself to the intelligent reader." Surely superfluous material should be eliminated primarily "from the point of view of writing a book." The blue pencil did not come into fashion in order to give readers with skipping propensities less to do, fewer pages to pass over with a sigh or a yawn. It is used by the wise writer in order to strengthen his work.

Lady Younghusband's book runs into 569 pages, and only covers four years of Marie-Antoinette's life, from her marriage to the Dauphin to her accession to the French throne. We make these remarks in no cavilling spirit—rather with regret that so promising a theme should lie buried, or perhaps only partially concealed, under so much material that does not add one whit to the character of a child we would give much to understand. We do not mean to infer that a certain prominence should not be given to influences that made their mark upon the girlhood of Marie-Antoinette; but those influences should not be treated in a prolix manner. Lady Younghusband has wandered in byways so frequently that her readers will wander away from the object of the book, too, or find a picture that is blurred with the mists of side-issues that do not make for a concise or lucid study of one who was destined to leave behind her a storm of rage and pity and horror, a story that

is one of the most poignant and haunting in the history of the world.

Baroness d'Oberkirch thus describes Marie-Antoinette :

At that time Madame the Dauphine was tall and well made, although a trifle too slight. She has changed very little since : it is always the same face—elongated and regular : an aquiline nose, pointed at the tip : high forehead, eyes blue and vivacious. Her very small mouth was already just a little disdainful in expression : she had the Austrian underlip more pronounced than any member of her illustrious House. Nothing can describe the brilliancy of her complexion, the roses and lilies were deftly mingled. Her hair of a *blond cendré* had only a touch of powder. The poise of her head, her majestic figure, the elegance and grace of her whole person were as these are to-day. . . .

There were others who did not regard Marie-Antoinette as remarkably beautiful, but if opinions differed on this point, for beauty has no rigid standard, all were unanimous in praising her grace. "No other woman in Europe," writes Lady Younghusband, "bowed or walked as Marie-Antoinette did, from the cradle to the scaffold."

The Dauphin, Marie-Antoinette's boy husband, seems to have been far more interested in shooting than in making love. He was frankly bored by the wedding festivities. He was not even moved by the final ceremony, "that barbarous survival of the customs of the Middle Ages, *le coucher*." "After all," adds Lady Younghusband by way of explanation, "he was only a half-educated and backward boy, as he proved by inscribing in his journal the one word 'nothing'—a reference to his having been kept from his favourite pursuit, i.e., shooting." His rather heavy and hobbledehoy manner is forcibly contrasted with the grace and beauty of his bride in the following passage :—

Covered with jewels and orders, and encumbered by the splendid full dress of the Saint-Esprit—a kind of cloth of gold—the bridegroom of fifteen, who always held himself badly and had an unfortunate Bourbon tendency to shuffle his feet, walked even worse than usual—probably oppressed by the occasion and his own shyness, and the difficulty he experienced in recognising faces at a distance, owing to his short sight. Beside him, with her hand in his, moved the bride—"she glided rather than walked" says an eye-witness—in her white brocade dress, her fair hair only touched with powder, the colour coming and going in her cheeks, her charming smiles responding to the profound bows and courtesies of her future subjects.

Marie-Antoinette presented an example of "the abrupt transition from the pinafore and the schoolroom to a wedding-ring"; but at that period, as was to be expected, the child rather than the wife predominated. We need not take Lady Younghusband too seriously when she tells us that Marie-Antoinette would not "let anyone guess how far the stout, clumsy boy to whom she was married was dispelling her youthful dreams of a paladin." A child who has scarcely entered her teens does not

suffer from love's disillusionment any more than a young poet in his first volume of verse. The horror and the anguish came after in full measure—more than full measure—but she was merry in the nursery. She had, moreover, a keen sense of humour, otherwise she would not have observed, concerning a waistcoat she was working for the King that "she hoped that by the grace of Heaven this garment might be ready in about twenty years' time."

Louis XV is said to have spoilt the Dauphine but he was not very generous in allowing her to ride an ignominious donkey. "This compromise," writes Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, "in no way displeasing the Dauphine, orders were given to search everywhere for very gentle and tranquil donkeys, and H.R.H. proceeded into the forest, attended by the ladies of her suite, on mounts entailing no sort of danger." Even tranquil donkeys apparently are capable of giving trouble, for on one occasion Marie-Antoinette's saddle slipped, and she exclaimed: "Go and ask Madame de Noailles what is the etiquette when a Queen of France falls off a donkey!" Someone has said that the gods laugh at human destiny. They must have laughed then, preparatory to preparing one of the most crushing and pitiable of tragedies.

Lady Paget's Reminiscences

Scenes and Memories. By WALBURGA LADY PAGET. With Portrait. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE charm and dignity, the quiet pleasure and beauty, and the serene sense of duty which belonged to the fifties and sixties of the last century have never been so clearly placed before the present generation as in the graceful, reticent, yet romantic pages of Lady Paget's volume. Her lucid recollections carry us back to 1840, when as a child she passed some years in the ancient castle of Henry the Fowler, Emperor of Germany, or in one or other of the fine old houses that formed part of the vast estates of her accomplished father and mother or their near relations—all august personages of a period far more aristocratic than our own. Then were men and women endowed with sentiments apparently far more exalted than ours, and circumstances of difficulty were met by a simple faith in the guidance of the universe which we have utterly lost. Such a book as this, written by the once child-in-waiting to the child Crown Princess of England, on her marriage into the German royal family, is curiously reminiscent of youth, of hope, of the sweet o' the year—spiritual as well as mental.

That one agrees with Lady Paget's deductions from her experiences is, of course, impossible; the point of view does not admit of such an attempt. But that is unnecessary; there remains for all readers a delightfully written record of many things—of the severe training of an aristocrat's child in the Prussia of the 'forties, of Court and Society affairs in Berlin in the 'fifties, of the youth of the Empress Frederick and her marriage, of Copenhagen in the 'sixties, of Portugal, of Florence when that city was capital, of Rome in the 'seventies,

and of old Vienna before her transformation. All these reminiscences are compact of acute observation, and represent a true picture of the world which Lady Paget has known very well, and with which she has never been the least bit bored or out of humour. Beauty has always been beauty to her, and its essences still float across many of these delightful pages, which recall with so much charm the grace of other days.

For example, "when Florence was the capital," and Lady Paget's husband was appointed Minister there, the delight of the elder world of Italy mixed with a touch of modern luxury and heightened by the surprises of war produced no small effect upon her sensitive mind. From 1868, for two years, life was careless, full of charm, art and pleasure. Here is one of the author's fully drawn pictures of the period:—

We had taken for the summer a beautiful old villa situated on the last spurs of Monte Albano, about twelve miles south of Florence. Built by Grand Duke Francis, in obedience to a caprice of Bianca Capello, it was said that from its balconies the Cardinal Ferdinand di Medici watched for the messenger coming from Poggio Accaiano in the valley below, where Bianca and her husband were lying sick unto death, after eating of the cherry-tart which either Bianca or the Cardinal had poisoned.

As soon as Ferdinand became Grand Duke, he married a granddaughter of Catherine de Medicis, and lived in the earthly paradise which Lady Paget goes on to picture for us in her full and lively style. To the south lay the silver line of the Mediterranean, the Siennese hills: the mysterious plains and marshes of Maremma were closed by the cloud-capped Monte Amiata. One wonderful night the author tells:—

A large golden full moon hung over the Val d'Arno as we sat with our guests on the spacious loggia, enjoying the sea-breeze which always rises at ten o'clock after a stifling day. Someone was strumming Italian airs on a piano, and several of our friends strayed down the wide stone stairs on to the green lawn which surrounded the great castellated palace on all sides. Suddenly the music lapsed into a lull, and two or three couples whirled over the grass. The diamonds glinted in the moonlight on the ladies' hair, and the large pearls shone on their necks; the warm scent of aromatic herbs, brushed by their flowing dresses, was wafted up to us; and over all lay the indescribable witchery of an Italian summer night. A telegram was brought to my husband: "War declared between France and Prussia."

Such pictures fill these alluring pages. A gay, mysterious Conder painting is suddenly over-shadowed by the tragedy of Sedan or an amusing intrigue of social butterflies is broken on the wheel that the most important diplomats in Europe have set a-flying. The personages that are carefully sketched on these pages form a gallery of the greatest interest, of European importance, and of personal charm. But above all, or under all, one learns to know the strong and beautiful

personality of Walburga Lady Paget herself. Her exquisite portrait forms the decorative frontispiece of the book, but it is within the pages that, unintentionally and with the most delicate touch, she permits us the inestimable honour of her close personal acquaintance.

The Childhood of Art

The Childhood of Art, or the Ascent of Man. By H. G. Spearing, M.A. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul and Co. 21s. net.)

MR. SPEARING may be congratulated on having produced an interesting book on a fine subject, and one which has the advantage of being to a large extent new. In the older books on anthropology but little attention was paid to primitive art. During the last thirty years, digging, not only on the sites of ruined cities, but in the caves and the sun-warmed shelters at the foot of cliffs where primitive men made their abodes, has been carried on with greatly increased vigour, more especially in France and Spain, and the result is that on all sides our knowledge of the Childhood of Art has been immensely extended. The knowledge thus gained is well epitomised in Mr. Spearing's book, and brought to his readers' eyes by means of nearly five hundred photographic illustrations of early sculptures and designs. Mr. Spearing is at times diffuse and at times wearisomely and wrongheadedly didactic. He thinks that art has again and again been injured by its exponents being obliged to work for wealthy and cruel patrons, and he insists on this with a pertinacity which not infrequently loses hold of historical perspective. This notwithstanding, he has brought into a single volume a connected and most interesting account of the art of the Stone Age in Europe, and of the early artistic developments in Egypt, Chaldea, Crete, and Greece; and to have done this with so much success is no small feat.

While the mammoth inhabited Europe, or, at any rate, while the ivory from his tusks provided primitive carvers with a fine material, there lived cave-men who, if the time measurements of Greek art progress could be transferred to those days, were within less than a century of being great sculptors. In 1896 an ivory torso of a woman was found at Brassempouy, which entitles us to say at least as much as this, and the drawings of bisons and stags on the roof of a cave at Altamira in Spain, and the wolf drawn and coloured in one at Font de Gaume, display skill far in advance of the designs on early Greek vases. There are fine problems in connection with these early art products. An overwhelming majority of them are of animals and of animals good to eat; the few sculptured human figures are all of women; the inference is that primitive man was led to art through magic, believing that possession of the semblance would aid him in obtaining the reality. It is conjectured, again, that art began with the recognition that a stone had some distant accidental resemblance to an animal; next the likeness would be improved by patient handwork; finally the

craftsman was content to start with a merely shapeless block. Or once more we may theorise on how primitive art was conditioned by its materials, decaying grievously when ivory was no longer available, and adopting different methods for cave chisellings and drawings according to the geological formation and the tools and paints which had been devised. All these problems are discussed by Mr. Spearing with excellent good sense.

Palæolithic man was not much helped by art in the struggle for existence. Perhaps the artistic tribes were swept away altogether; perhaps they abandoned hunting, took to a pastoral or agricultural life, and, having no more need for the magic help of art in seeking their food, gave it up altogether. Whatever the explanation, there being for the time no more European art for him to describe, Mr. Spearing is obliged to trek to Egypt. Here he begins with pottery of that earliest kind which imitates by incised lines the patterns of basket-work. Soon he is immersed in the theories about pre-dynastic Egypt, which at present lead to no clear outlet. On the whole, he is not very happy in his treatment of Egyptian art. Much of it arouses in him an indignation which finds vent in a description such as this:—

The captives have been beheaded, the long-necked lions have been lassoed, the powerful bull has broken down the walls of the abandoned cities, and the cow-faced goddess Hathor regards the scene of slaughter and destruction with the same complacency with which the gods of most nations regard those crimes that tend to bring increased revenues to the temples and the priests.

"The spirit of a demon," we are told, "had entered into and taken possession of the strong and youthful body of Egyptian art," and Mr. Spearing is ill at ease until he comes to the small series of noble statues produced during the fourth dynasty, as to which he hazards the conjecture that "it may some day be proved that they are partly the products of ideas evolved previously by vanished nations dwelling in forgotten lands." In the absence of evidence, such a surmise is not very helpful, but it is at least supported by the absence of any development from this brilliant period, Egyptian art gradually sinking back into mere lifeless convention.

Towards the Chaldees Mr. Spearing shows himself much more amiable. The pottery of the first city of Susa is decorated with patterns evolved by the grotesque elongation of features in living models at one time much more naturally represented. There are æsthetic antiquaries who regard such grotesque elongations with peculiar hatred, but Mr. Spearing is very patient of them. He regards the "Stèle of Victory" of Naram-Sin, who conquered Susa somewhere about B.C. 2600, as one of the finest of all known monuments previous to those of Grecian times, and is almost equally enthusiastic over some of the statues and bronzes found at Lagash or Tello, belonging to the time of Gudea. In contrast to all this amiability he turns aside from Assyrian art with a scornful reference to "those harsh and brutal sculptures which now disfigure the walls of the British

Museum"! In a note at the end of the book there is a half-apology for this foolishly indiscriminate censure, which, nevertheless, must be debited against Mr. Spearing's account in any estimate of his trustworthiness as an artistic guide. Of Sir Arthur Evans's discoveries in Crete he writes at some length, giving as usual a praiseworthy number of illustrations, one of them of an ivory figure of an athlete intended to be suspended over a bull, as if he were vaulting over it, possessing extraordinary grace. Mr. Spearing's last two sections deal with Greek sculpture and painting, and, like the rest of his book, are brought well up to date. It is good to have this survey of Greek art within the same covers as the earlier sections, if only for the interest of comparing the illustrations, but it is about the artists of the caves and cliffs of France and Spain that Mr. Spearing writes with most freshness and authority, and it is especially for its earlier chapters that his book should be read.

Jacobitism and Women's Suffrage

The Memoir of Sir Horace Mann. By I. GIBERNE SIEVEKING. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul and Co. 10s. net.)

THE principal impression made after a careful perusal of this volume is that the object of the author is the glorification of the cause of the Pretenders, to which is given as an accompaniment the vilification of the memory of the early Hanoverian kings. This object is hardly appropriate to a book which bears such a title as the present one, for Sir Horace Mann devoted the whole of his life to frustrating the machinations of the exiled Stuarts. But, despite the title, the only hero of the volume is the Young Pretender, whereas the English envoy at Florence is one of the villains of the story narrated by Mr. Sieveking. If, however, Jacobitism is the principal inspiration of the author, Woman Suffragism is one of the minor ones. This subject would appear to be even further removed from the title of the volume than the vices of the Georges; yet the reader learns in the course of the narrative that "It is useless striving against the women's just movement of to-day. It has always been useless striving against the divine impetus of any cause. . . . Women are expected to pay taxes made by a Government in which they themselves have no share, no representation." The paragraph from which these extracts are taken, as well as the succeeding ones, deals with the American War of Independence, also not very germane to a memoir of Sir Horace Mann, who never had any American interests. The excursion might, however, perhaps be excused if its history were accurate. Of this the following sentence is a sample: "One has only to look at the Stamp Act, whereby Americans were not allowed to use their own paper for their agreements and law deeds, but must perforce, *unasked* and *unconsulted*, have stamped paper sent from England at their own expense."

Of the author's attitude towards the House of Hanover and his method of expression, the

following is a fair sample. It is to be found in the course of a long discourse on the nature of scrofula, tacked on to the announcement that the Young Pretender was accustomed to touch for the King's Evil—Mr. Sieveking apparently has faith in the touching for the Evil—but that the Georges never dared attempt such manifestations of divine right. "Here is the reason that no more faith-healing took place during the corrupt reigns of the Georges. No spiritual plant could live in such a coarse, corrupt, materialistic atmosphere—an atmosphere chock full of nauseous, insanitary spiritual gases, produced by an age in which there was an utter lack of spiritual drainage of any kind whatever."

Jacobitism, vilification of the Georges, Woman's Suffrage, the American Revolution, and scrofula do not by any means exhaust the list of subjects which Mr. Sieveking considers appropriate to a memoir of Sir Horace Mann. Readers are also instructed in Sir Donald Currie's views on recruiting for the navy, and the private conversation of "two dignitaries of the Church of England in regard to a priest who, though doing splendid rescue work among his people, they could not—and did not want to—understand." On one page there is a disquisition on the Italian coinage; on another we get a fragment of autobiography, wherein we are introduced to a Scotswoman who at the age of sixteen settled in France, and thirty years later, when the author met her, had forgotten some words of her native language. This woman was presumably then about forty-six, but with the looseness of expression not rare in this book, she is described as an old woman "wrinkled, withered, and poor, and alone." Other subjects, very far removed from Sir Horace Mann, which are treated of in the volume, are the French galleys, and the risk of premature burial in England to-day. From the foregoing it will be seen that the author has a tendency to wander off, with or without excuse, into frequent by-paths. Thus it will also be seen that if the volume were curtailed by fifty per cent. or more, Sir Horace Mann would not be affected.

To turn to the subject of the book itself, in which we shall include that of Prince Charles Edward: to illustrate Mr. Sieveking's attitude towards his real hero and his principal villain we cannot do better than quote his comparison between them. "We see him (George I) reeling about on Sundays, or, sleepily drunken, steeping himself in unnameable depravity. He was all this and more. He was a black-letter villain—yet England chose him, apparently . . . instead of the other knight in shining armour, who tried to catch her eye and failed. The one was a drunkard when all the world smiled on him; the other, only when it frowned at and pariahed him." Again, King George was "the man who never had a clean mental shirt on his worthless personality; the man who had never construed the most elementary sentence in the grammar of Virtue. . . . There never had been a time when such swinish immorality was regnant as in Hanoverian reigns, and of these notably that of George III. His was essentially of the gutter type."

Of Sir Horace Mann himself but little is said, and of that little a very slight proportion is new. What does

appear is, however, disfigured by many inaccuracies. For instance, the Ponte Vecchio at Florence is designated the Porte Vecchio; to a portrait of Cardinal Stuart is appended the name of "Charles Stuart, brother to Charles Edward"; Sir John Laughton is quoted as "Professor Knox Laughton"; Leghorn is written Leghorne; Monte di Pieta appears as Monte di Preta; the English College is called the English Convent. Strange words such as "crucialist" and "pariahed" (already quoted) are used. Moreover, the amount of trivial repetition, especially in the earlier pages of the book, is most irritating. Finally, is the following statement literally correct? "In 1705 the difficulties of the English envoy at Florence were materially increased by the duty of humouring the prejudices of the numbers of English and Americans who visited that city."

Shorter Reviews

The Dictionary of Entomology. By N. K. JARDINE, F.E.S. (West, Newman and Co. 6s. net.)

THE science of entomology is full of interest, and reveals wonders to the assiduous student that are little dreamt of in the philosophy of most of us. The study of this branch of natural history has made considerable advances of recent years, especially with regard to the infinitely little; but perhaps the most curious, if not the most remarkable, results of present-day research are to be found in the observations of the veteran French naturalist, M. Fabre, the "Insects' Homer." He has conclusively proved, if it needed proving, the falsity of Herrick's line—

Like will to like; each creature loves his kind—

which certainly will never be admitted by those acquainted with the economy of the insect world. As Dean Swift so wittily tells us—

So, nat'ralists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And those have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

Mr. Jardine's handy volume will prove most useful to students of entomology. It contains some three thousand words, with their derivations, thus elucidating their meanings. The author claims that his work is the first attempt to compile the intricate technicalities of this science, and he has admirably succeeded in his purpose.

Penrose's Pictorial Annual, The Process Year Book for 1912-3. Vol. 18. Edited by WILLIAM GAMBLE (Percy Lund, Humphreys and Co. 5s. net.)

The illustrations of "Penrose's Pictorial Annual" for the last few years have been so fine—in fact, many of them were well worth a frame—that it may be as time goes on we expect too much in the way of pictorial

representation, and for that reason cannot be quite as enthusiastic as we should like to be with regard to the present production. At all events, the choice of subjects this year is not such as to make so decided an appeal to the ordinary reader as those of previous years. Taken separately, many are very beautiful, both in colour and design, but looked at as a whole they certainly do not call forth the usual admiration. The articles, on the other hand, quite equal their usual standard, and will be greatly appreciated by all interested in process work.

The Stage Year Book, 1913. Edited by L. CARSON. (The Stage Offices. 1s. net.)

"THE STAGE YEAR BOOK" can always be assured of having two appreciative publics—those who for their own amusement and instruction take an interest in everyone and everything appertaining to the stage, and those whose livelihood is concerned in one way or another with the theatre. The former will find themselves well catered for by the various articles, among which we would especially mention "Drama of the Year," by Mr. E. A. Baughan, and the excellent reproductions of scenes from several recent plays. Those who are more directly connected with the stage itself will find information on all topics useful to them towards the end of the book, where everything is tabulated and well arranged to facilitate easy reference.

In the Press and Out Again. By R. P. GOSSOP and CHAS. PEARS. (The St. Catherine Press, 34, Norfolk Street, Strand. 6d. net.)

WITH its quaint illustrations, this little book serves to pass quite a pleasant and amusing half-hour. At the same time it is more than merely amusing, as it gives, in simple language, relieved by many comical touches, the process of printing and illustrating a book from start to finish. It seems to have been written for children, in a humorous, kindly, explanatory mood, with an irresponsible sketch here and there, but it will certainly appeal to all who take an interest in the mechanical and technical side of book-producing.

Shorter Theological Notices

Credo: Instructions on the Creed. By the Rev. J. R. PRIDIE, M.A. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a useful little volume of sermons on the Apostles' Creed, by one who accepts the historic faith, apart from the destructive incursions of modern criticism. Hence the teaching is reverent, devotional, and spiritual.

Sketches of Georgian Church History. By ARCHDEACON DOWLING, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

A SHORT but very interesting monograph on the history of the Church in Georgia, in Russian Trans-Caucasia.

The subject, so little known, but well worth studying, finds an excellent introduction in this book.

Sharers of the Cross. By AMY DEBENHAM. (The S.P.C.K. 2s.)

THESE plain and simple devotional readings for the sick will be found useful for Church workers and others. They were originally written for soldiers and sailors.

Joy in Suffering. By C. B. MAYNE. (The S.P.C.K. 1s.) IF we disregard the fallible postulate that sin is the cause of all pain, disease, and suffering, there are many helpful thoughts for sufferers in this little book.

The Pilgrimage of the Cross. Adapted from an old French Allegory by HALLIE KALLICK. (The S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

WE have here an illustrated and charming adaptation from an old French allegory of a kind of "Pilgrim's Progress," by Mrs. Eustace Miles.

St. Theresa. By CANON JAMES M. WILSON, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 6d.)

THREE excellent lectures on St. Theresa, as ascetic and visionary, but a great woman and reformer, delivered last Advent in the Lady Chapel of Worcester Cathedral.

The Truth of Christianity. By LIEUT-COL. W. H. TURTON, D.S.O. (Wells, Gardner and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the eighth edition of a book already widely known. It is a fairly good defence of Natural Religion and Historic Christianity, on the usual lines.

Issues of the Incarnation. By W. E. CHADWICK, D.D. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

A VOLUME of thoughtful sermons illustrating the relation of Christian doctrine to the practical Christian life.

The Christian Scheme and Human Needs. By CANON C. A. HOUGHTON. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.)

A SERIES of short practical addresses especially suited to the needs of a rural congregation.

What, then, is the Gospel? By the REV. J. H. B. MACE, M.A. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS book might better have been called "The Gospel according to St. Paul," for it is a really excellent thesis on St. Paul's attitude towards the Gospel story and doctrine as evidenced in the risen living Christ, and illuminating the life of the Christian.

Echoes. By the REV. J. M. GATRILL. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

A VOLUME of original and interesting sermons, written with a plain directness likely to command attention.

The Present and the Future Christ. By the REV. F. R. M. HITCHCOCK, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

THESE very good devotional readings are, as the author tells us, practically a spiritual commentary upon the Fourth Gospel. They are also cultured and intellectual studies in Christology.

Fiction

Windprint Virgin. By WILKINSON SHERREN. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

WE find it hard to forgive the author of this book for his last two chapters; so fine a story deserved a different, better end. Wentworth Williams, a man of fairly good means and abilities, established the "Friend-in-Need Bureau" in order to make occupation for himself, and his sister sent Windprint Virgin—with whom we fall in love as soon as we meet her—up to London to act as Wentworth's secretary. Then Timothy Squebb entered the offices of the "Bureau" and met Windprint, after which Wentworth left Windprint in charge of the office and went off to discover whether he could give up the romance of life's possibilities for the sober reality of marriage. At this point the texture of the story changes, for Windprint becomes engaged to Squebb, when Wentworth discovers that he really wants to marry her, and sets to work to win her back by fair means; in spite of certain weaknesses in his character, he is scrupulously honourable. Here the author sets a very pretty problem in an engaging, attractive style, which makes commonplaces interesting, and the story as a whole unusually fresh and fascinating—we accord it unqualified approval up to the last few pages. These suggest that Mr. Sherren shirked the task of solving the problem, or rather, solved it in the easiest way for a novelist instead of the way in which life would have forced his actors. The final page leaves us with a sense of disappointment. In spite of this, readers will find the book sufficiently arresting and unusual to justify perusal, and we can recommend all but those last two chapters as an excellent story.

Erica. By MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

THE picture of Erica with which Lady Clifford presents us is not a very attractive one; cold and self-centred, Erica marries Tom Garry, to whom principle matters more than all else in life, and the resulting clash of temperaments does not display Erica in a favourable light. There is little that is lovable about her, except her beauty; the wakening of the instinct of motherhood in her is only instinctive after all—the woman herself remains cold and selfish as ever, quite unchanged in all things save the protective feeling towards her child. Tom Garry, though he is merely Erica's husband as far as the book is concerned, is worth twenty of his wife, and attracts us almost from the first page on which we meet him. Yet, in spite of Erica's lack of charm—in print—we find in this one of the most delicate, skilful, and engrossing studies Lady Clifford has produced. It is a very fine achievement, an exceptional piece of work; even such minor characters as Mrs. Bence, the old lady whose wit was greater than her sense of proportion, is a perfect picture gracefully drawn, though she entertains us only through half a chapter; the study of Lady Clow, Erica's

mother, is another work of art. The author achieves her results by implications of which two lines are worth more than half a page of flat statement, and we get real, living people; we know and realise them, and part with them regretfully at the story's end. If the sequel concerning Erica and her son, which is promised us on the last page of the story, proves equal to this book, then we look to Lady Clifford for yet another exceptionally fine novel.

A Knight of Spain. By MARJORIE BOWEN. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

It is a very inspiring romance Miss Marjorie Bowen weaves around the figures of Philip II of Spain and his half-brother, Don Juan. As is the case with many historical novels, several notable interviews are given. In the present instance, as the story proceeds, the author warms to her subject, with the result that the interviews towards the end of the book are better described than those at the beginning. It may be that the last, dealing as they do, with the meetings of warriors and statesmen appeal more to Miss Bowen than the love scenes. At any rate, they are more lingeringly dealt with: there is no trace of hurry here as there is when Juan is in the presence of one or other of the ladies who in turn have charge of his heart. This haste gives the only unreal impression in the book, and it seems as if Juan, fascinating, brave and courteous as he was, must have been something of a magician to inspire three ladies to declare, at different times, their deep and abiding love for him after a few minutes' interview. The pathetic figure of the Infant Carlos plays his tragic part in this drama of intrigue and jealousy, and, insignificant and puny as he appears beside the dominating personalities of Philip and his advisers, Juan yet lives to realise the terrible truth of the boy's warning that the king would only use him so long as it served his purpose, and would then leave him untried and desolate. How this is brought about is told with force and pathos, and forms a fitting ending to an interesting and vividly written story.

The Common Problem. By RACHEL KING. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

THE beginning of this book was very interesting, and gave promise that the reader might be entertained by the unfolding of personalities worth writing about; but half-way through the story it is perfectly obvious that the modern unheroic heroes and heroines are to be the prominent figures on the canvas. This is to be regretted, as there are various indications that the author could, if she chose, portray very different characters. There are one or two jolly scenes in artists' studios, and Aunt Anne, the chum and confidant of everyone, would be quite charming if she would remain true to her original opinions and not drift into silly talk about reincarnation. To obtain a conventional conclusion, a man and child are hurried to their death, and thus draws to an end a story which might have been made very much better than it is.

The Trainer's Treasure. By NAT GOULD. (John Long. 1s. net.)

THE trainer's treasure is one of those sparkling bright-eyed little damsels who always have a kind word and a cheery smile for everyone they meet. In this case Nellie is also an accomplished horsewoman, cantering round the country on restive animals and riding down impossible slopes. Tragedy is also within the covers of "The Trainer's Treasure," together with one or two bad men, a steeplechase, and a runaway marriage. In the end the wicked cease from troubling; little Nellie finds rest with her old companion, and everyone appears to be satisfied, as will be the many people who still wait eagerly for stories from the pen of Mr. Nat Gould.

Stephen Ormond. By F. DICKBERRY. (John Long. 6s.)

THE reader is led to expect great things from this novel by the laudatory announcement on the paper cover; we have been wondering, after reading the book, whether the cover became transposed from some other volume by mistake. The author has simply told his story in a plain and not particularly interesting manner, and, although occasionally he holds our attention by sentences that show his thoughtful consideration of certain pressing problems of the day, we found no trace of the "scintillating wit" that was promised. In the matter of style and composition he is far from impeccable. Possibly we should see more promise in Mr. Dickberry's work had we been left to form an opinion without the preliminary paean of praise; as it is, we feel the bruises of the fall.

The Theatre

"The Headmaster" at the Playhouse

THERE are humour and grace and charm and satire and plenty of farcical situations in Mr. Maude's new production, and laughter almost all the way. Mr. Coleby and Mr. Knoblauch call their amusing play a new comedy. We would rather speak of it as a delightful farce, with passages of pleasant sentiment. The name of Sanctuary for a doctor of divinity who is head of a big public school belongs to farce, as do many entertaining incidents throughout this play, which will, we think, long remain one of Mr. Maude's most popular victories. "The Headmaster" does a little more than deserve success, Sempromius, he commands it. And Dr. Sanctuary commands his school and his masters, his prefects and his agreeable boys, although he is drawn in the spirit of caricature rather than in the similitude of the "Heads" one has known.

At Carchester he is great, but, once outside his pedagogic world, he loses his wits, his superb humbug leaves him, and he falls into disasters which his youngest pupil

or either of his delicious daughters would have avoided without a moment's trouble. But, then, Mr. Maude is the doctor, and the authors have provided him with the sort of part he revels in, and that is enough for us. After twenty years of Carchester College and simplicity, he desires the bishopric of Rutland. The mother of one of his masters, the Hon. Mrs. Grantley (Miss Frances Ivor) is the sister of a peer who can manage this affair. The doctor, in talking about the marriage of young Grantley to his daughter, finds himself accepted by the lady, who appears to arrange bishoprics, as her second husband. The rest of the play is devoted to getting out of this muddle. Just how ingeniously and good-humouredly, just how truly and with how many pretty touches of sentiment and character and sharp points of satire, this difficult business is accomplished must be enjoyed at the Playhouse.

Mr. Maude will see that you do that. As the devoted and worried father, as the upright man with half an eye on the flesh-pots of Rutland, as the delightful humbug and scholar, as the victim of the wealthy and terrible Mrs. Grantley, he is always spirited and charming. There are one or two difficult scenes in which he is tempted to be too farcical, too restless and inclined to force the pace, but in the general agreeable character of the whole play these moments are of small import. As the doctor's eldest daughter, Portia, Miss Maude is seen to the greatest possible advantage. I cannot recall another part in which her delicate personality has been permitted such full expression. Her scenes with her father, over whom she exercises a gentle sway, and with her lover, and, in fact, at every point of the play, are always acted in the highest tradition of graceful comedy. Seldom has a character been so completely realised on the stage. Miss Ivor plays the imposing widow with great authority and skill, and as her stupid, and eventually acid, son Mr. Arthur Curtis gives an amusing character-study. All the personages of the play are, in fact, more real than the comedy itself. Mr. John Harwood's Munton, the school sergeant, is a very genuine drawing from life, perfect in every detail. Richards, the senior prefect, is a very spirited and attractive personage in the hands of Mr. Jack Hobbs, and two boys of the lower school, Jim Stuart (Eric Rae) and Bill Etheridge (Kendrick Huxham), are convincing and delightful. Thanks to their own cleverness and that of the authors, they are enabled to give infinite support to the play. There is nothing in their parts overdone, nothing set down to win our favour by malice aforethought. Their kind feeling when Portia seems likely to be harassed by a stepmother is adroitly sketched in and delightfully felt by the actors, especially by Eric Rae, who is given a momentary scene of pathos with Miss Maude which is at once touching, delicate, and realistic.

Antigone, the doctor's small girl, is made very lively by Miss Kathleen Jones, who, in a different manner from that of Miss Maude, is also simple, straightforward, true to life, sensitive to humour or pathos, and equal to every turn of the complex and amusing action of the play. The Cambridge "Blue" who looks after the cricket at

Carchester, and is the devoted young lover of Portia, is made lifelike and engaging by Mr. Combermere, and Mr. Bibby is the Dean of Carchester and no other.

From beginning to end the play is a pleasure to watch, both for the acting and the skill with which it is constructed, and the gay humour of the dialogue and situations. Generally speaking, the critic's crown of sorrow is remembering happier plays. But that will not be so with "The Headmaster," although there are points, made very funny in the present case, which have been used before. The fact of an elderly and unwilling person being accepted in marriage by an unpleasant widow, when he is talking of his daughter's possible engagement to the lady's unattractive son, is rooted in antiquity. The comic idea of boys whose names have been placed on a slip of paper as those who are to be confirmed, being confused with those about to be birched, is at least as old as the days of Keate. The phrase that we all make mistakes, even the youngest of us, recalls the fragrance of our youth and the far-off humour of Professor Jowett. But what would you? The whole play is compact of pleasantness, and will be enjoyed by everybody.

"In Haarlem There Dwelt—"

ALTHOUGH "The Headmaster" is a feast in itself, Miss Dora Bright's Dutch idyll, which we saw at some Sunday Club not long ago, is given first. In this delicate and touching little piece Miss Maude played the part of the unfortunate wife Minna with exquisite feeling. Mr. Dale was bold and tender as the lover, and Mr. Paton perfectly convincing as the husband. In playing both Minna and Portia Sanctuary in one evening Miss Margery Maude gives us two beautiful impersonations which place her among the most promising of our actresses.

"Esther Castways" at the Prince of Wales's

MISS MARIE TEMPEST is ever ready to conquer new worlds of art. She shows the true touch of divine discontent with past successes, and is quick to adapt her gifts to any type of character that comes her way from Mr. Connell's "Miss Moore," even unto so complicated a part as Mr. Jerome K. Jerome provides for her in "Esther Castways." This person is said to have been bred in the poorest and most miserable circumstances, but in marrying her husband Philip (Mr. Arthur Wontner) she has arrived in the world of fashionable New York, and is now in what appears to be a dull and splendid set. But the author has provided a hundred complications ahead, which enable the brilliant actress to touch every note in the whole gamut of her personality, and thrill us with depths of feeling and moments of passion well within her powers, but not usually shown us in the parts she plays. There is plenty of lightness and gaiety and wit, too, in her Esther, so that this departure will only

enlarge the number of Miss Tempest's admirers. As to the play, it seems to have been written for the American public, and adapted, more or less, to English uses. It is a rather fine, confused affair, with plenty of emotion, not too rapid action, and one big scene—in a now popular manner. There is the intense love interest of Esther towards her husband, his unfaithfulness and return; there is the "getting on or getting out" society affair in which Mrs. Jackson-Tillett (Miss Serjeantson) is so important a personage; there is the love-making of Philip's secretary, Virginia Grey (Miss Jerome), with an elusive and unimportant person, Jimmy Allingham (Mr. Hilliard); there is the rather impossible figure of Reuben Pierce (Mr. France), an old lover of Esther and a companion of Philip, whom he now means to ruin.

Then there is the great question of children working in cotton mills, a sad affair which Philip and his party intend to stop, and which John Farrington (Mr. Graham Browne), a fantastic and incredible person, and his party determine shall go on. From the humanitarian point of view, I suppose we ought to be greatly interested in this question of child labour. It is terrible, of course, but I don't believe a play at the Prince of Wales's will help to reform the matter. And then if you want to reform inhuman horrors there are plenty at our own gates. There is quite a number of plays in London just now busy about the wickedness and the rogues of the United States, so I suppose there must be money in such uncalled-for international impertinence—but it does not make for the advance of the art of the stage. But there are many other threads of interest in "Esther Castways," and over all this vast tangle of ideas lies the brilliancy of Miss Tempest's impersonation. The cast is excellent, everyone plays with conviction, but even without such help we fancy the strength and charm of Miss Tempest would carry Mr. Jerome's new play to victory.

"A Social Success" at the Palace Theatre

THE delectable irony which Mr. Max Beerbohm has written should be just the right sort of episode to entertain a Palace audience. The short play provides Sir George Alexander, Miss Cutler, Miss Barnby, Mr. Kerr, and Mr. Lowne with a lively introduction to the music-hall, a world which all actors are now intent upon conquering. Sir George plays Tommy Dixon, a young gentleman of fortune who has had too complete a victory in the great world to which he was not born. He feels he is losing his individuality and his peace and leisure. He decides upon a coup which will cut him adrift from many friends whom he finds too importunate. We see him gather his friends for the last time at his flat in Mayfair. He cheats them at cards, and is found out. Lord Amersham (Mr. Kerr) and his wife (Miss Cutler) and the Duchess of Huntingdon (Miss Barnby) are shocked beyond measure, and each tells him so and

leaves his house in disgust. He is free at last; alone and relieved beyond belief, he mixes himself a whisky and Apollinaris, when an old friend, Robbins (Mr. Lowne) comes back to forgive him and prevent him from drinking what the friend supposes to be a fatal draught.

Soon the Duchess telephones to him that she was far too hasty, and offers to be his for ever. A little later Lady Amersham returns to forgive and place her devotion at his feet. It only remains for her husband, who has gone to his club to expose and ruin Tommy for ever in the eyes of society, to change his mind and return full of friendliness and regret. Thus in a few moments his great coup proves useless and Tommy is once more within the toils of society, and "Come to lunch tomorrow; well, on Thursday, to dine," is heard again on all sides. The humour and satire and mockery of the whole thing is complete, and the rebel subdued quite utterly. In the hands of such excellent actors as are here grouped together, Mr. Beerbohm's play runs its brilliant course with admirable effect. "A Social Success" is a clever and bitter piece of raillery, and the action is so brisk and convincing that the whole thing cannot but prove a delight even to the most bored of playgoers.

EGAN MEW.

Some New French Books

UNTIL quite recently, Chinese literature has been unknown to the majority of Occidentals; it is, nevertheless, one of the richest existing. One fact will suffice to give an idea of its wealth. In the eighteenth century the Emperor Kien-Long wished to make a judicious choice from the masterpieces of his country. He charged several erudite persons to accomplish this, and after due consideration, these worthy sages noted down the titles of one hundred and sixty thousand *chef-d'œuvre*!

M. Georges Soulié is a noted French sinologist of to-day. After having translated the voluptuous "Lotus d'Or" and given us a very curious biographical work on the late Empress T'sen-hi, he has published an "Essai sur la Littérature Chinoise" (*Mercure de France*. 3fr. 50c.), which will be invaluable to those who wish to have a general idea of Chinese literature. The interest such a study presents is augmented by the recapitulation of the History of Cathay.

After having studied the development of the Chinese mode of writing, and explaining the influence it has had on Chinese mentality, the author speaks of the "Book of Poetry" and the "Book of Prose," which, though dating back to the highest antiquity, were only collected by K'ung-fu-tzü (Confucius) in the sixth century before our era. He next discusses Chinese philosophy, and gives a résumé of the doctrine of Confucius, followed by extracts from his principal works. We quote some lines which M. Soulié has taken from the work of Con-

fucius he calls "Le Juste Milieu," condensing the doctrine of the great scholar:—

Le sage ne fait pas à autrui ce qu'il n'aime pas que les autres lui fassent. Le sage agit d'après sa situation. Il ne désire rien au dehors. S'il est riche, il agit en riche. S'il est pauvre et méprisé, il agit en pauvre et en homme méprisé. S'il est un barbare, il agit en barbare. S'il est dans le malheur, il agit comme il convient quand on est dans le malheur. Le sage ne va nulle part sans savoir ce qui lui suffit.

This tendency towards fatalism and indifference was deeply rooted in the Chinese spirit, and M. Soulié quotes several passages, excellently translated, to illustrate it.

After dealing with Taoism, M. Soulié treats successively of the Chinese novel and drama, and gives us extracts from these two branches of literature, which the Chinese considered as inferior. Poetry is also analysed in detail. One of the most interesting chapters of M. Soulié's captivating work is that devoted to Chinese journalism. The first newspaper appeared in 1872, the *Chen-Po*, bearing as sub-title that of *Chinese Daily News*, but whose editor was a Japanese. However, a purely Chinese paper was published in 1897, the *Daily Paper of China*, and since that date a new style of writing, concise, nervous, clear and energetic, has gradually replaced the "obscure images, absurd illusions and pedantic eruditon" of the earlier Chinese literature. At present the Chinese have their magazines, amusing papers, scientific reviews; translations of European novels have a great success, especially—who would believe it—detective stories!

M. Georges Soulié's work is both instructive and amusing, but it is to be regretted that he has not added an alphabetical index, which would have been useful to scholars.

Everybody has heard of Bachaumont, of the Memoirs of that famous gossip Mme. Doublet, and of the society they founded called "La Paroisse," which so curiously depicts the eighteenth century, and which is perhaps the origin of Parisian journalism. But M. Van Bever has had the ingenious idea of making a selection from those epigrams, repartees, and *bons mots*, which the faithful collaborators of "La Paroisse" collected. These collaborators were all people of means, whose very idleness found a certain amusement in ferreting about town in quest of the latest scandal—which they afterwards carefully recorded in their annals for the amusement of Mme. Doublet. M. Van Bever has chosen only epigrams relating to the world, and more especially to the theatrical world, of the eighteenth century. He has condensed into two volumes the "Memoirs of Bachaumont" (Louis Michand. 3fr. 50c.), which cover nine years of Parisian life! And what a multitude of events political, literary, and theatrical are recorded in those nine years! It is most amusing reading, rather trivial, perhaps, and often *risqué*; but embellished by a profusion of portraits and of reproductions of celebrated paintings.

Latter-Day Astrology

THE usual astrologers are certain observers of the heavenly vault who pretend that the study of the movements of the stars, added to knowledge of special and imaginary attributions possessed by them, may serve to guide men through life in the same way as the position of the stars guides mariners in navigation.

Strange as it may appear, there still exist, in our time, astrological societies that publish books, reviews, and almanacks, and the members of which firmly believe that they will gain millions because they signed a contract during a conjunction of the Moon with Mercury, or that their daughter will be a marvel of loveliness because she was born during a conjunction of Venus with our satellite. Needless to say, men of science to-day refuse to concede the slightest importance to that kind of astrologer. In fact, the able astronomers of Greenwich Observatory have often been amused when they have compared the predictions published by the astrological almanacks with the subsequent facts recorded by themselves. And Professor Frank W. Dyson, the eminent director of the Observatory, places these tables at the disposition of all who may care to consult them, so that the unwary one who does not undeceive himself is only humbugged because he chooses to be.

We can understand why all astronomers were astrologers in the times of antiquity: they were ignorant of the laws of Nature, and they could not resist the desire to connect what they saw on earth with what they beheld in the firmament. Later, the existence of astrology was indirectly favoured by the powerful prejudices that led to the condemnation of Galileo and the burning of Giordano Bruno, while they made honours to be heaped upon a certain Father Angelis for having published in Rome a book of astrology which connected comets with Mount Vesuvius and with the miraculous blood of San Genaro! And there was, besides, a more prosaic reason—the only one, perhaps, which still exists nowadays—material interest. The immortal Kepler wrote to a friend: "Astrology gives me the bread denied to me by astronomy." And that is probably why Kepler assigned to each planet an angel whose work it was to direct its movements—those planetary movements of which he himself had discovered the wonderful laws!

The new astrology is quite different, as it is entirely based on the application of the forces of Nature, and has been examined lately by scientific men and discussed in technical papers. It has already been noticed on different occasions that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions generally correspond to certain peculiar positions of the planets of our solar system. When the catastrophe of San Francisco occurred on April 19, 1907, the planets Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn were in the same quadrant of the heavenly vault, nearly in a straight line, the Sun occupying the centre of that quadrant. Moreover, the Moon, on the same day, penetrated the same region, adding its powerful gravitational influence to that of the five planets and the Sun. Analogous coincidences have been observed in similar cir-

cumstances, especially at the time of the Martinique disaster, that of St. Vincent, and the terrible earthquakes of India. Curiously enough, the old astrologers saw in planetary conjunctions the announcement, not exactly of seismological phenomena, but of all kinds of misfortunes threatening mankind. But their predictions were based on fantastic considerations or magic speculations, and were never fulfilled. For instance, in 1542, they announced that an approaching conjunction of two planets was to bring about another universal deluge, because those planets then occupied the constellation of *Pisces* (Fishes), a "watery" region. People were alarmed, and in Toulouse they actually built a new Noah's Ark, and verily that year was long remembered for its drought.

The honour of having been the first to anticipate with exactness the occurrence of seismological phenomena as a result of planetary conjunctions belongs to the members of the meteorological section of the Chilean Navy. A week in advance, they announced that the approaching conjunction of the Moon with Jupiter would produce a violent shock on August 16, 1906, and the disastrous earthquake of Valparaiso happened on that day.

If this theory be true, if the planetary conjunctions really have a powerful influence, above all when there is a new Moon or a full Moon—because then the Earth is in a straight line with the Sun, the Moon, and the planet—clearly the effects ought to be numerous and varied, as it is necessary to take into account the atmospheric, oceanic, and subterranean tides due to the supplementary attraction of the planets, as well as their possible consequences—storms, hurricanes, seaquakes, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions. Personally, I have taken all the records for the last three years, and published them in different British and foreign scientific journals. The reader who cares to consult them will find all the records set forth in detail in the issues 2,392, 2,436, 2,437, 2,438, 2,452, 2,457, and 2,475 of the scientific weekly paper, *English Mechanic and World of Science*, and he will be struck by the coincidence of the numerous seismological and disastrous phenomena occurring simultaneously with planetary conjunctions, above all when these are multiple.

It should be noted that, however evident this theory seems at first sight, there is an argument against it sufficiently serious to cause many to refuse to accept it, and that is, that planetary actions productive of tides are very slight compared with those of the Sun and the Moon. Newton demonstrated that this differential action productive of tides is directly proportional to the masses and inversely to the cubes of the distances—not to the squares, as in the law of gravitation. It is due to this that, although the Sun has a mass 25 million times greater than that of the Moon, the tidal action of our little satellite exercises an influence two and a half times greater than that of the Sun, because the former is 400 times nearer to us than the latter, and the cube of 400 is 64 millions, which is about two and a half times greater than 25 millions. This law of Newton allows us to calculate the influence possessed by each planet upon the atmo-

spheric, oceanic, and subterranean tides. The two which exercise the most powerful action are Venus and Jupiter, and following them in order come Mercury, Mars, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, the last two exercising such an infinitesimal power that they are never taken into account in this theory.

But all these planetary tidal actions put together do not reach the hundredth part of that exercised by the Sun. And here arises a difficulty. How can a cause, relatively so slight, produce effects so great? The difficulty is only apparent. To solve it, we have but to remember three principles of mechanics—(1) that of the superposition of small movements, (2) the principle of D'Alembert which tells us that in every system in motion the internal actions and the reactions balance, and (3) the principle of Laplace, according to which all periodical forces produce periodic movements in the molecules upon which they exercise their action. Now, the positions of the Sun and Moon with regard to the Earth are periodic, and the simultaneous conjunctions of the planets are not. And it is well known that, in dynamics, periodicity represents stability, while non-periodic actions are inseparable from instability. Taking into account the seismic phenomena produced exclusively by the Sun and Moon, according to the principle of D'Alembert, we reach, thanks to the law of Laplace, a kind of equilibrium of adaptation. It is as if we had a huge and very sensitive balance with a thousand pounds in each scale. It would be quite sufficient to throw a few grains into one of the scales to destroy the equilibrium. The planetary conjunctions are these disturbing grains.

The new astrology, unlike the old, will have nothing to do with the purely imaginary influence of the stars upon a certain individual, family, or collectivity. But, with the aid of geology, cosmology, and mechanics, it will perhaps contribute to solve the problem, as yet unsolved, of the seismic phenomena, the definite settlement of which interests the whole of the human race.

F. T. DEL MARMOL.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Wednesday, 22nd inst., I was in the Lobby, writing to tell various fair constituents that I was unable to oblige them with tickets for the Ladies' Gallery to enable them to hear the suffrage debates, owing to my ill-luck at the ballot, when somebody rushed out, saying: "Boadicea is up, and there is going to be a row!" I hurried into the House and stood by the Speaker's chair. Hunt wanted to know why the suffrage question could not be fully discussed, and was evidently prepared to be nasty. The Ministerialists began to shout him down, when Hunt, who knows no fear, went on to tell the Prime Minister what he said about votes for women being a national disaster.

The Speaker rose; Hunt remained on his feet. This is a Parliamentary crime of the deepest dye. Hunt

turned to Asquith and said something about "Traitor," whereupon his neighbours began and eventually succeeded in pulling him down. The Speaker reminded the Shropshire squire that it was grossly disorderly to stand when he stood. Hunt immediately wanted to put a point of order—a favourite device with the disorderly in all parts of the House. The Speaker declined to take it, and eventually Hunt subsided like a glowing volcano.

The Welsh Bill had reached the conundrum stage on Wednesday; Churchmen persisted in asking awkward questions. The Bill affirms that the Church in Wales "shall cease to be established by law." What does that mean? Griffith Boscawen wanted to know what were the attributes of establishment that the Government wanted to get rid of? He denied that the Church had been established by law. If statutes were repealed, they ought to be put in a schedule to the Bill. McKenna frankly admitted that he had found it very difficult to define the words "established by law." Brynmor Jones said brutally, but in gentle language, the Bill showed what it meant. Boanerges Llewellyn Williams said it would be difficult and dangerous to define it. Cripps moved an amendment to the amendment, which then read thus:—

The expression "ceased to be established by law" means cease to be subject to obligations or to possess or enjoy any status rights and privileges which have been imposed or conferred on the Church by Statute.

But the Radicals were far too wary to be tied down in this way, so the amendment went by the board.

The next definition required was that of synod, and the old question of what is a layman. McKenna rather offensively reminded Robert Cecil that he only represented a section of the Church of England, and could not accept him as a representative of the Church of Wales. Radicals always persist in considering him as High Church as his brother Hugh. I remember his indignant denial when he was taxed with being a member of the E.C.U. The definition of first-fruits and tenths came next, but all to no purpose, for the Radicals are afraid to define anything. To wind up the evening, the Government took away the power of appointing notaries public from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and gave it to the Lord Chancellor. Twelve new clauses were shut out, and so ended the twelfth day.

On Thursday we had the debate on the closure resolutions for the Franchise Bill. Asquith was said to be very unwell, and it could not be said he was in his best form. He talked of the Franchise Bill as if it were a minor measure of secondary importance, but necessary in the Government's scheme of things. Bonar Law got up to move his reasoned amendment, and "rattled" the Prime Minister terribly. Mr. Asquith has a most expressive face, and, though he tries to hide it, he shows when and where he is hit. The Leader of the Opposition quoted a ruling of Speaker Peel's, in which, on account of fundamental amendments, the character of a Bill had been so altered that it differed from the Bill which the House had approved of at the second reading.

By the amendments was not this Bill affected by that decision? The Speaker thought, with due respect, his predecessor had been "a little previous." He would wait until the amendments had been dealt with, and then decide.

This was a bombshell. The Radicals, in their haste and hurry, never seemed to have considered the likelihood of this aspect of affairs, although the *Times* had hinted at it a year ago. What did the Speaker mean? Did he refer to the abandonment of the "occupier" in favour of the "resident" voter, or, sinister thought, did he mean the Women question?

Before this article appears, the problem will probably be settled, but it must be confessed that the Speaker is a first-rate master of the ceremonies; he keeps the interest alive. Even the Radicals began to realise that the allocation of time for so far-reaching and important a measure is absurdly short and unfair. Duke spoke of his twenty years' yearning to be an M.P., and how he was now ashamed of the proceedings of the House he had revered. Jack Pease declined to say when a Redistribution Bill would be brought in, and Hayes Fisher passionately declared that he had never listened to a more shifty and tricky speech. "F. E.," who, in the current Lobby slang of the moment, is an "Anti," gave it to Pease for all he was worth, and reminded him that he had deliberately said on the second reading that occupancy was better than residence.

Lloyd George got up to reply. James Craig shouted out: "We shall have a little Limehouse now!" But there was not much spirit left in Lloyd George. "With regard to redistribution, we are not going to tie a noose like that round our necks, and give the end to the House of Lords to pull." What he meant was not quite clear, but his distracted followers were glad of the excuse to cheer. The majority dropped ominously to 65.

On Friday we met to begin the Committee stage of the Bill. Clever little Goldman had put down an instruction months ago to divide the Bill into two. It is clear that many people are in favour of a reform of the registration law who are not agreed on an alteration of the Franchise. In a well-prepared speech he moved his instruction, but it was handsomely beaten. The Speaker then left the chair, and the urbane but secretly nervous Whitley took his place.

As a close follower of the question, I have come to the conclusion that the inherent weakness of the women's cause lies in this: Many years ago, when the question was not the burning one it has since become, a number of amiable, good-natured members promised to vote for Women's Suffrage in a general way. They never dreamed of the difficulties that would entail; they were men of honour, and their word was their bond—a score of speeches and more than one election address mentioning the question stared them in the face. Since then the women have disgusted them. They do not approve of militancy, hammers, window-breaking, or arson. Some of their wives are against it, and, in short, they are sick of the whole thing. After all, there are more women than men, and is the Empire to be ruled by petticoats?

And yet they had pledged their word. To parody Tennyson's "Elaine":—

"The shackles of an old pledge straightened them—
Their honour rooted in dishonour stood—
And faith unfaithful—kept them falsely true."

They see a way of escape now.

The Grey amendment is to cut out the word "male" in front of the clause, "Every male person," etc. This will clear the way for the other amendments on the question. They can vote for this, showing their sympathy with the women, and thus keeping their word, with the fervent hope, however, that the amendment will be lost. If it is not lost, none of the amendments is likely to be carried, and, if they are not, pledges have been given to restore the word "male" again. Whatever happens, the Government cannot possibly carry their Bill, and this will mean the end of the question, at any rate, for the present, thank goodness!

Lyttelton moved Grey's amendment in a charming speech asking for fair-play. Harcourt made a bitter reply; he is "Anti" to his finger-tips. He, for one, was not inclined to show mercy to the women who had deliberately set fire to the wing of the house in which his children slept. "The assumption that arson is a substitute for argument is poor proof of the judgment of those by whom it is made." He trounced Lloyd George in a way which delighted the Unionists. Hugh Cecil bantered Lulu. "Oh, what a time the Cabinet must have been having!" Neil Primrose said he had been "accused of not knowing one end of a baby from the other." Austen, another "Anti," made a capital speech, and sympathised with Ministers who had been subjected to persecution and outrage. "It got curioser and curioser," as Alice said.

As I sat and watched these men thrust and parry, I could not resist pondering on the sharp division of parties over this matter, and what a shuffling of cards it had caused. Men of great ability belonged to both parties, and it was interesting to watch two entirely new and different parties taking sides against each other. Early in the afternoon it was rumoured that the Government would announce at 5 p.m. that they would drop the Bill, but Percy Illingworth strongly denied this, and the debate stood adjourned.

You can always tell when matters of moment are before the House by the perfunctory way the answers to questions are listened to, and the meagreness of the supplementaries.

The House was full on Monday to hear this powerful Government "climb down." Asquith pale, but resolute, asked the Speaker *pro forma* if any of the women's amendments were carried would it, in his opinion, alter the Bill passed on second reading so materially that it would have to be withdrawn and a fresh one brought forward. The Speaker said it would, and gave reasons in more detail than is usual in a Speaker's ruling. Asquith asked the indulgence of the House, there being nothing before it—and yet there was everything, in-

cluding the fate of the Government—to make a statement.

Bonar Law, ever alert, to the momentary astonishment of all sides, rose to a point of interruption. Was the Prime Minister going to end his statement by moving the adjournment of the House to enable others to express their views? Asquith was very tart: "As a rule, in my experience, a very large latitude is usually given to the leader of the House, I entirely agree, by the indulgence of the House."

"We must have the right of reply," said Bonar firmly. "If that indulgence is not given me, I shall certainly conclude with a motion, though, perhaps, not the motion the right honourable gentleman anticipates," replied the Premier. He then gave his view and history of the affair. No one was more surprised than he was at the Speaker's ruling. He, as a convinced Anti-Suffragist, welcomed the anticipated trial of strength between the two parties, and he was disappointed that it was not to come off. There was no alternative but to drop the Bill, and at an early occasion in next Session give time to a private member's Bill on the subject. He defended his own honour with warmth, and moved that the order be discharged and the Bill withdrawn. It was, perhaps, a sign of defeat that he mentioned for the first time that when they brought in their next Franchise Bill, a Redistribution Bill would accompany it. Bonar Law was gentle with his fallen foe. He said he had no doubt that Asquith had acted in perfect good faith, but pointed out that the newspapers had indicated what would happen a year ago.

Henderson, speaking on behalf of the Labour Benches, was very angry. The Irish part of the Coalition had obtained, or nearly obtained, what they wanted. The Welsh contingent were steadily getting their part, but the Labour men had been "dished." Their share of the booty was the Franchise Bill, without Redistribution, and the revision of the Registration laws. He said none of these things, but that was what he meant when he denied that the Government had fulfilled their pledge. A private member's Bill would not have a chance—he had seen the lobbying going on.

Lloyd George said it was not a "helpful" speech. Otherwise, Lloyd George was "garny"—there is no other word for it. He smiled and whispered to Harcourt when Bonar Law deplored that we were not to witness the return slanging match with the Colonial Secretary. He thought there was yet time to get the Bill through for the Parliament Act. "F. E." made a novel suggestion: Let the Suffragists agree upon a Bill, and pretend to be a Government—take advantage of the Government's offer as to time, and let there be a straight fight next time.

Balfour viewed with misgiving this new dodge of Government's fathering private Bills. It was a grave precedent to set. Keir Hardie was as angry as Henderson. He had no faith in the honesty of Ministers, and he felt sure machinery would at once be put in motion to strangle the little stranger just conceived when it appeared.

As a sort of sop to the Labour men, the Trades Union No. 2 was proceeded with, whilst the women gnashed their teeth outside, and the average member on both sides thanked goodness he was out of a difficult position. It is true it was at a tremendous cost of loss of prestige to the Government, but at this the Unionists openly rejoiced, whilst the Liberals shrugged their shoulders and said, "Better they than us." It was a splendid thing not to have to vote for the Grey amendment, let alone the others which followed. When they were outside, they hid their smiles and looked serious, like men who had been out on the spree and were protesting to their wives that business had kept them late at the office; but this was for the consumption of the women, who narrowly scanned their faces under the electric light as they passed out.

Notes and News

Mr. F. R. Benson has made arrangements with Messrs. King and Clark to have a fourth repertoire season at the Coronet Theatre, commencing on February 3, immediately after the run of the pantomime. No fewer than ten plays of Shakespeare will be given, including "Henry the Fifth," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Hamlet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "As You Like It," "Macbeth," and "Richard the Second." Not content with this ambitious list, Mr. Benson will also give three performances of Goldsmith's delightful comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," and four performances of "The Piper." The latter is the play which gained the prize in the Stratford-on-Avon play competition, and which created so much interest when given for a season at the St. James's Theatre.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society was held on January 15, at the Surveyors' Institution, Great George Street, Westminster, Dr. H. N. Dickson, President, in the chair. The Council in their report dealt with various branches of work undertaken by the Society, including the researches in the upper atmosphere, and the records of the dates of opening of flowers and of appearance of birds and insects. They also referred to the arrangements which had been made for collaboration with the Meteorological Office in the preparation of a series of normal values of the climatological elements of the British Isles. Mr. C. J. P. Cave was elected President, and Mr. F. Druce treasurer, for the ensuing year. An ordinary meeting was subsequently held, when a paper by Mr. C. F. Brooks, on "The Snowfall of the United States," was read.

The Second Term in the Faculties of Arts, Science and Engineering and in the First Year work of the Faculty of Medical Sciences at University College, began on Tuesday, January 14. A course by Professor Paterson and Dr. Derry, on "Physical Anthropology," began on January 14. Professor Kuno Meyer, of the University of Berlin, began his course on "Old Irish Grammar," and on "The Táin Bó Cúalnge," on the same day. Dr. Peter McBride delivered the two public lectures under the Semon Lecture Trust on January 22 and

January 24, at 5 p.m., on "Sir Felix Semon, his Work, and its Influence on Laryngology." The Page May Memorial Lectures will be given this year by Dr. F. W. Mott, on "The Functions of the Cerebral Cortex." They started on January 24 at 5 p.m. Mr. Roger Fry began a course on "The History of Art," on January 31, at 4.30 p.m.

Messrs. Bowes and Bowes, of Cambridge, are publishing immediately Volume III. of Charles Henry and Thompson Cooper's "Athenae Cantabrigienses." This consists of biographies for the period 1609-1611, the only portion of the volume which the authors printed. These sheets were acquired by Messrs. Bowes and Bowes, who also possessed copies of Volumes I. and II., with numerous manuscript notes by the late Henry Bradshaw (University Librarian), Professor John E. B. Mayor and J. Gough Nichols, friends and correspondents of the authors. The notes have been arranged by Mr. G. J. Gray, who has added notes and corrections from the University Grace Books, and other authorities, and has made a new and complete Index to the whole work, giving dates of degrees, college, and death. Messrs. Bowes and Bowes are taking this opportunity of binding and offering the complete work of three volumes at a special price of 21s. net. The complete work contains about 750 biographies not printed elsewhere, and so forms a useful work of reference.

Messrs. John Long will shortly publish a new novel entitled "The Bartenstein Case," by J. S. Fletcher, author of "The Town of Crooked Ways," etc. It is one of those highly ingenious detective mysteries by which Mr. Fletcher has made a reputation in serial fiction. In the course of the story appears a striking character known as "Grandfather Punctuality," who has been added by Mr. Bransby Williams to his list of characters for stage production. The same firm also announce "Stephen Ormond," by F. Dickberry, a novel that deals with a question about which there must be differences of opinion, and which the individual must settle for himself; and "A Tartar's Love," by G. Ystridde-Orshanski, author of "An Exile's Daughter," etc. The action of this novel is situated in Southern Russia, and the characters are wholly Russian and Tartar. It is, as the title implies, a love story, but not an ordinary one.

Amongst the forthcoming publications of Messrs. P. S. King and Son is a work entitled "Imperial Defence and Closer Union," a record of the life-work of the late Sir John Colomb and of the movement towards Imperial organisation, by Mr. Howard d'Egville. There will be an introduction by Col. the Right Hon. J. E. B. Seely, D.S.O., M.P., Secretary of State for War. Sir John Colomb did perhaps more than any single man to bring about a clear idea of the fundamental principles governing the defence of the British Empire, and Mr. d'Egville, who was associated with him for many years as his Parliamentary secretary, is himself an ardent exponent of the Imperial ideal which Sir John spent the best part of his life in advocating. He has treated the subject in a manner which should render his book useful both to the student and politician, bringing the matter up to date, and including the later developments of Canadian naval policy.

The number of the *Quarterly Review* published by Mr. Murray on Jan. 15 contains several articles of special

interest at the present moment. "The Balkan Crisis," by an author in a position to know at first hand the conditions which gave rise to it and will determine its issue, reviews the chances of a pacific settlement. "The War in the Balkans" contains information which comes direct from men who have taken a leading part in the movements of the allied armies. "The History of Canadian Preference" tells the story of that movement, and throws light on a question which at this moment is paramount in Unionist politics. An article on the Divorce Commission sums up in favour of the Minority Report. A paper on "Mind Cures" by the well-known medical authority, Sir T. Clouston, discusses the truths which underlie Faith-Healing, Christian Science, etc., as well as the false ideas which obscure them. Among biographical articles may be mentioned those on Queen Victoria's Journal, the Life of Disraeli, the Diary of Cotton Mather, and the Autobiography of Father Tyrrell. The philosophy of Nietzsche, whose collected works have recently been published in English, forms the subject of another paper. Literature is represented by an essay on Leopardi, containing new translations of some of his finest poems, and a paper on Swift's correspondence, now in course of publication.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE NEW CRISIS.

CONSEQUENT upon the obsession of home affairs, the serious nature of the situation arising out of the revolution in Turkey has not been sufficiently realised in this country. As not infrequently happens in times of international crisis, public opinion as voiced in the Press is, on the present occasion, hopefully misleading. Thus we find that in spite of the many ominous signs pointing plainly to an early resumption of hostilities there prevails a curious and an altogether inexplicable atmosphere of optimism in quarters where formerly, and with much less justification, the outlook has again and again been viewed with black pessimism. A careful consideration of the circumstances which have brought about the new crisis can lead to no other conclusion than that unless there is a speedy counter-revolution in Turkey the situation, with all its dangerous aspects, will, to all intents and purposes, revert to the stage it had reached prior to the conclusion of the armistice. In that event the well-meaning intentions of the Powers to continue their policy of localising the conflict would be subjected to a severe strain.

It must not be forgotten that, in spite of the pacificatory declaration of the Chancelleries, the tension which began to make itself manifest throughout Europe the moment that the Allies invaded Turkish dominions has not relaxed to any appreciable degree. The determination of Russia and Austria to maintain, until the conclusion of peace, vast frontier armies has involved an enormous expenditure on the part of the State, and has spread disorganisation, with a consequent loss of trade, in the normal life of the community. The prolongation

of the crisis must therefore give rise to serious anxiety. No longer is it denied that Russia played a prominent part in shaping the Balkan League; and the reports that she recently exercised pressure of a somewhat exceptional nature at Constantinople to induce the Government to cede Adrianople may be accepted as substantially correct. The observations made in these columns last week, describing the peculiar position which she occupies in regard to Armenia, have received striking confirmation from one source. A dispatch from Russia to a leading London journal declares that the life of the Armenian communities is becoming well-nigh intolerable, and that, moreover, Russia is prepared to invade Turkish territory from the Caucasus with an army of seventy thousand men. We have always urged that it is inconceivable that the Tsar's Government should wilfully commit any overt act calculated to provoke an international conflagration. Yet it is abundantly clear that a renewal of hostilities will bring in its wake complications far more serious than any that were contemplated during the first stage of the campaign, and among these complications must be reckoned the possibility of anarchy in Asia Minor.

Uncontrollable incidents will, we fear, undermine the good resolutions of the Powers. For example, however sincere Russia may be in her desire to maintain peace, the outbreak of serious disorders in territories coterminous with her own frontier regions—regions that already contain many inflammatory elements—would compel military measures that might lead to the invasion of Armenia. That is one disquieting feature of a situation which a renewal of the war would create. But it by no means represents the sum total of all the complications that are to be feared. If Servia and Montenegro be compelled once more to take the field against Turkey, we cannot hope that they will accept the moderate settlement of the Albanian question at present contemplated by the Powers. Should they insist, however, upon strict compliance with their demands in this direction, their relations with the Triple Alliance must of necessity be strained to the breaking point, and they will naturally look to Russia and her partners in the Triple Entente for support in their efforts to overcome this formidable opposition.

Finally, the continuance of the war will raise the stupendous issue of the ownership of Constantinople. In some quarters there is a disposition to believe that the Bulgarians will be satisfied with the capture of Adrianople, and that they will then wait upon the course of events. Such a view, however, completely ignores the main factors of the existing situation. We must bear in mind that the Young Turks seized the reins of office for the one avowed purpose of retaining Adrianople. If they are to achieve this object, then they will be bound to make an attempt to destroy the Bulgarian army that lies between Tchataldja and the sacred citadel. In the opinion of military experts, a resort to the offensive will involve the complete annihilation of the Turkish forces. Leaving altogether out of consideration this aspect of the question, we are not at all justified in assuming that

the Bulgarians will be content merely to hold the Turks to their trenches outside Constantinople while they accomplish the downfall of Adrianople. Certainly their record for vigorous initiative in the past does not warrant an assumption of this kind. When peace was in prospect we were told that the lines of Tchataldja were a veritable Port Arthur; that, in short, without the sacrifice of many thousands of lives and a field siege lasting many months, no army in the world could hope to drive the Turk from his last ditch. Now that the Young Turks with belligerent intent have assumed power, a different story is forthcoming. Thus we hear that the hordes at Tchataldja are weary of the war, that during the armistice military organisation has made little, if any, progress, and that a decision to resume hostilities will merely be the outcome of the fanatical patriotism of a small coterie in office to-day, and, as likely as not, to be expelled from office to-morrow. When we reflect that the determination of Bulgarian generalship has not in the past flinched from enormous sacrifices, and that the statesmen as well as the soldiers of the allied nations cannot fail to bear in mind that the present stalemate has been brought about largely as a result of the halt before the capital, then we may realise that, if the war be resumed, Constantinople as well as Adrianople is doomed.

MOTORING

THE Press campaign against the two big motoring organisations continues with unabated vigour—more especially against the R.A.C.—and, judging from the results of a recent plebiscite of members, there is a conviction in many quarters that it is hopeless to expect much in the way of reform, and that the best course will be to secede from the existing organisation and form an entirely new society. This is not the opinion of the majority of those who were invited to express their views on the subject, but it represents the attitude of about 40 per cent. of them, and is there-

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9, REGENT STREET, S.W.
TELEPHONE: 3616 CENTRAL.

fore worthy of attention. Now it can hardly be denied that the R.A.C., at any rate, has given cause for great dissatisfaction of recent years in several important matters of conduct and policy. It has not displayed as much energy as it might have done in promoting the interests of the motoring community in legislative and taxation matters. It has shown jealousy of the prosperity of other motor organisations, and refused to co-operate with them on occasions when co-operation would have been of great value to the motorist; it has deliberately copied the schemes—patrols, free legal defence, etc.—originated by the rival organisation, and thereby intensified the jealousy and friction; and, lastly, it has allowed trade influence to creep into its councils, to the detriment of the private motorist's interests. At least, there is a widespread impression to that effect, an impression which is not weakened by the fact that half a dozen of the directors of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders are shareholders in the R.A.C., whilst three of them are on the Club's committee. The complaint of "trade influence" is, of course, based largely upon the disclosures in connection with the Tyre Trial, of which so much has been heard during the last few months.

While granting, however, that there is ground for an indictment of the Club on the lines indicated above, it is as well to bear in mind that it *is* a club, supported by its members' subscriptions, and not a national institution supported, or even subsidised, by the State for the benefit of motorists as a whole; that its members only have a real right to complain if a policy antagonistic to their interests is pursued; and that the remedy is in their own hands. They elect the committees which are responsible for the policies pursued, and have no one but themselves to blame if they will not take the trouble to elect the right men. This is admittedly not an easy matter, but it is a difficulty which would obviously apply to any other big association of private motorists. What is wanted, therefore, seems to be a reform of the existing club, rather than the formation of a new one.

We hear that the six-cylinder Sheffield-Simplex has attracted as much attention at the Scottish Show, where it has been shown on two stands inside the exhibition building as well as by a striking aluminium-finished three-seater outside, as at Olympia, where, in the estimation of many critics, it was second to none in the entire collection. As a matter of fact, it would be difficult to mention any present-day car which has so rapidly established itself in the very front rank by intrinsic merit alone. For it is well known that the bulk of the Sheffield-Simplex *clientèle* has been obtained through the recommendations of actual users, and not as a result of lavish advertising and motor Press adulation.

Owing to the remarkable boom in the motor industry, many of the leading makers have disposed, either to their agents in different parts of the country or to private purchasers, of practically the whole of their potential outputs during the next six or even twelve months, and in numerous cases prospective buyers are finding it difficult or impossible to obtain delivery in

reasonable time of certain makes of high-class cars. It may interest them to know that Mr. Aldersey Swann, the well-known consulting motor engineer, of 9, Regent Street, S.W., can give prompt delivery of the following: Rolls-Royce, Delaunay-Belleville, Wolseley, Leon Bollée, Siddeley-Deasy, and many others. He has also for disposal a few really high-class second-hand cars, the late property of clients who have recently gone abroad. Mr. Swann has a high reputation as a competent and reliable adviser on all matters relating to motoring, and his advice and assistance cost the buyer nothing. Those who are contemplating the purchase of a car will be well advised to acquaint him with their exact requirements, and avail themselves of his assistance in selection.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

PEACE seems as far off as ever. Indeed, to-day, the banker and financier is breaking that reserve which he has kept for so many months, and is deplored the political position. His confidence has departed. He no longer looks upon a Continental war as the fevered dream of a journalist. He begins to see dangerous points on the horizon. Germany has lent the Young Turks two millions with which to fight Bulgaria. Therefore the position in the City is not hopeful. There is no business, and there is no "bull" account. The "bears" dare not sell any more stock because they fear that if peace were assured a boom would catch them. Also you cannot sell unless someone buys—and no one is an anxious buyer to-day. The result is stagnation.

But a few promoters have braved the indifference of the City, and have made issues. Messrs. F. J. Benson and Co. have asked us to subscribe for a Bahia Loan, and offer to pay the income tax—a quaint notion—but the offer is limited to 1s. 2d. in the £. There has been some argument in the newspapers in regard to Bahia, its population and resources. Now no one desires to see a first-class investment argued over. It at once places it in the category of the second rate, which again reduces the eagerness to apply for an investment yielding only 5½. No, the Bahia Loan may be left alone. The Tobago cocoanut plantation scheme need not take either our time in discussing it or our money—certainly not our money. It is a plantation venture. A Cornish wolfram mine asked for money, but it was only a prospect—of no proved value. The Eastern Chemical Co. proposes to establish sulphuric acid works near Bombay—a practical idea run by practical people. But, of course, speculative.

MONEY remains hard and will continue to remain so until we see the end of the present trouble. The German banks in Paris are distributing pamphlets against the Parquet. The Dresdner is particularly active, and its brochure has made the French laugh. For it claims that Germany ranks side by side with England in wealth. This is going a little too far. As a fact the Triple Entente could buy up or break the Triple Alliance any moment if the tussle were purely financial. The one side may have big armies, but the other has big cash balances. South America takes money all the time, and India is

still in the market. Our gold position is by no means secure. The big bankers are all telling us of our danger. But we cannot realise the seriousness. We see huge sums arriving from Africa each week. We see the Bank of England reserve strong. But the gold has to be paid for, and the Bank reserve is in great part the sole reserve of the whole of our banks. We do not carry the tithe of the gold carried by either France or Russia, comparing trade with trade. Our cheque system saves us. But in time of war gold is the only weapon left. We should have a war chest even if it be only forty or fifty millions. Instead we have the Post Office Savings Bank, which is a danger of the worst kind.

FOREIGNERS are held up by the banks abroad. They dare not let them collapse. Indeed, in time of war, though national securities would fall heavily, they would at least be negotiable. This is more than could be said of other stocks and shares. Tintos are uneasy. The final dividend for the year is expected to be 45 to 50 per cent., but I am sure that this does not inspire the gambler. He cannot afford to buy Tintos with the Bank Rate at five per cent. Perus are another favourite gamble in the foreign market. They are now neglected.

HOME RAILS should have risen, for the reports as they come out are much better than we expected. The Great Central managed to pay 1½ on the 1891, which was definitely good. Even the South-Western did better than some of us thought possible. But the dividend was squeezed out with no heed to reserves—a dangerous precedent. The Brighton figures are not bad. They show the advantage of electricity. This line must electrify right through to Brighton. In the States 300 to 400 miles are considered as nothing. All good engineers are agreed that electricity saves money even on long hauls. The Great Western should electrify through Maidenhead to Wycombe, and round to Aylesbury and join up with the Great Central and Metropolitan—both of which should be electrified. It is useless to say that this costs money. It saves money. It does more, it saves competition. Had the Great Western electrified years ago to Maidenhead the Uxbridge Tramway would never have been built. Directors should bear in mind not only cost, but possible competition.

YANKEES don't move; at least, they don't move in the right direction. The bankers will not find the money for a "bull" campaign, and the American public appears disinclined to gamble. The fear that Wilson will turn things upside down is not the real cause why the boom is delayed. Politics bulk large in newspapers. They have less effect upon trade than the politicians think. The Milwaukee is the latest line to take the public fancy. The whole sentiment in Wall Street, which was "bearish" six months ago, is now quite "bullish." The Mexican trouble looks like growing worse. Mexico is terribly afraid of Yankee intervention, and the agitation got up in Canada by the group that run Mexico North-Western and Mexico Trams and Monterey Light and Power and other enterprises is disquieting, for these people have great power. Personally, I should advise all my readers to get out of Mexicans. It is no use holding on in the hope of peace, for if the United States does intervene we shall get civil war.

RUBBER.—A few reports have come out, but without helping the market, which is dull. Chersonese figures show that next year the company may pay 22½ per cent. dividend, but this will be spread over 15 months, and the yield to-day would only be 10 per cent. on the year—not big enough for the risk of waiting 15 months. The present rage is all for the young estates, prices of which now discount the future to an alarming extent. Temiang report is ordinary—the shares are too high.

oIL.—The Black Sea figures are, of course discounted by the fall in the production since the report was made up. But the company has done well. I do not like the

policy of sinking small wells to the shallow horizon. These wells must be written off in two years, and then new wells must be sunk. It looks as though Tweedy were afraid of the deep horizons.

MINES.—We can hardly be expected to gamble in mines, and though the magnates have been steadyng the market through Paris, the effort has not brought in buyers. The new policy of taking out the richest portions of the mines will increase dividends and yields, and should have been adopted years ago. But those who hold shares in mines that have only short lives must sell quickly, as they will find their asset vanish quickly. The Globe and Phoenix agitation still goes on. It appears that the agitators have quarrelled. The board have won the first round. But Messrs. Turnbull, Paton and Porter are determined to force on their policy of two new directors, and I strongly advise all shareholders to give Mr. Porter his support. I do not see any other way out of the trouble. It can do no harm, costs no money, and may result in great good. Therefore I say sign the letter of adherence sent out by this group and refuse to give your proxy to the board.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi squabble still goes on. The public is heartily sick of the business. The Billett Campbell group have been buying heavily, and supporting the market. They should be made to buy a good many more shares. I advise all holders of Marconis to sell to-day. They are hardly likely to get better prices. The Southern Alberta fiasco looks worse the longer you gaze upon it. What will shareholders in Wheatlands do? Surely they have strong cause for complaint. I hear that to complete the irrigation works will cost about a million, not £500,000, as first suggested. Anyone who knows the cost of irrigation in India and Egypt will agree that you cannot build a canal 300 miles long and make a reservoir 22 miles long by 2 miles broad unless you spend huge sums of money. The work is gigantic, and appears to have been undertaken without anyone having taken the opinion of real engineers who know what irrigation costs. The shares should be sold for what they will fetch.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CONSTITUTIONAL POSITION UNDER THE PARLIAMENT ACT.

To the *Editor of THE ACADEMY*.

Sir,—Reverting to your article of January 4 upon the above subject. Your contemporary Mr. Punch in his political cartoon of the week depicts the Home Rule Bill advancing towards the House of Lords sheltered by the enormous and impenetrable shield of the Parliament Act. The cartoon accurately represents the constitutional position of affairs at the present moment. Students of constitutional law and history have for generation upon generation been taught that the House of Lords is an integral portion of the legislature of this country. Such teaching is no longer applicable for the simple reason that the Parliament Act of 1911 has rendered the participation of the Upper House in legislation no longer necessary. It is true that by consistently rejecting the measures submitted to them by the Commons, the Lords might conceivably delay the progress of a Bill upon its way towards receiving the Royal assent for a matter of two years or so, but the machinery of the Act is such that such resistance would be completely futile in the long run, for a Bill thus delayed would automatically become law at the expiry of the Statutory period. The practical result of this is that constitutionally the Government of this country is no longer two chamber but single chamber government.

Whether or no a reasonable man believes in the necessity for reform of the Upper House, the most cursory consideration of the legislative machinery of this country must convince him that the submission of draft Acts of Parliament to a House other than that in which such measures were introduced and discussed in the first instance is not merely a safeguard of the electorate against the machinations of caucuses and cabals, but the supreme, if not the only, safeguard against the foisting upon an indignant and dissentient country of legislation desired and prompted by a minute section of the community.

The circumstances of the passing of the Parliament Act are within the memory of every upholder of constitutional government. Shortly put, it was made, in legal parlance, a condition precedent to the assenting of the Lords to the Act that a Bill should immediately be launched providing for the reform of the existing House of Lords and the constituting of an efficient Second Chamber. A glance at the preamble of the Act will show that such a condition precedent is embodied therein—

"Whereas it is expedient that provision should be made for regulating the relations between the two Houses of Parliament :

And whereas it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a Second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis, but such substitution cannot be immediately brought into operation."

Before and at the time of the passing of the Act it will be remembered that the Prime Minister gave, in the most public and unhesitating manner, definite pledges that the promises embodied in the preamble should be forthwith fulfilled, such fulfilment being, in his own words, a debt of honour brooking of no delay. In face of the fact that to the repeated questions put to him as to the fulfilment of his own assurances the answers returned by the Prime Minister have rendered it tolerably evident that neither he nor the motley rout at his heels has the slightest intention of redeeming the aforesaid pledges, the sole conclusion at which it is possible to arrive is that the present Government recognises no debt of honour.

Furthermore, it is abundantly plain that no appeal to the country, even upon matters of the most vital national importance, being any longer necessary, "representative government," as applied to this country, the product of centuries of struggle and heartburnings, is a phrase which has lost its meaning. When further it is borne in mind that the Act in question was never considered in a full House either of the Commons or the Lords, and that the passing thereof was eventually secured only by the threat of a swamping of the Upper House with peers created *ad hoc*—the promise of the creation of the latter having been extorted from the Sovereign in person by methods violating every principle of the constitution—it is surely time to consider whether the House of Lords is not in duty and honour bound to intervene at the eleventh hour on behalf of the people of this country and to demand that the Prime Minister's pledges should be fulfilled. Such demand should no longer take the form of a mere question, for to such questions the Government has plainly indicated its intention of refusing an answer. It should take the form of a Bill providing for the requisite reconstitution of the Upper House. The shelving of such a Bill by the Lower House would be tantamount to an invitation to Civil War, for upon such debts of honour as that which the present Government refuses to recognise the constitution of this country is founded. In the case of the breach of a civil contract the rights and remedies of the aggrieved party are clear and indefeasible. Is it not a monstrous iniquity if, in a case where not merely the rights of an individual are endangered, but those of a whole community, a section of the representatives of that community, without the sanction or approval even of its own constituents, should openly and with impunity

perpetrate a fraud which in a few months has annihilated the fabric of a constitution written, not upon paper, but upon the honour of the elected representatives of the English people? Let the Lords, before the opportunity has passed away for ever, exercise their undoubted privileges and force the determination of an issue fraudulently avoided by the Government. I am, Sir, yours truly,

Temple, January 17.

THE MISUSE OF WORDS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Why does not your correspondent, Mr. Charles Paine, of Barkston Gardens, mention me by name as offending in the "misuse of words," considering that I carefully defined the reason for employing "sense" as a verb?

When these censorious gentry plunge into "style" and "taste" and the like, I always at once read their effusions to see if they have any artistic feeling for the colour and value of words; and Mr. Paine, of Barkston Gardens, stands revealed amongst the deficient. Yet the fantastic part of the business is that he does not approve the vile planting of Greek derivations into our tongue! At least let that be accounted to him for righteousness. As one who is notorious for fighting this alien jargon, I need not add that I am wholly with you; but I go much further—I feel repulsion at Mr. Paine's "(sic!)" ; indeed "such things make me despair of the Press"—and the universities. No raw-mouthed vulgarian in journalism can approach the genteel vulgarian of the scholastic type.

Now, first as to "sense." As I explained, in using the word as a verb, it was impossible to use any other word in the language to give the exact subtlety of the act—and upon it depends all concept of art whatsoever, therefore it was absolutely essential to use it and define it. "Feeling" and "emotion," which I first used, were misunderstood, and naturally accepted in their narrower and more ordinary meaning. Neither, as a matter of fact, gives the precise meaning. The language has to be enlarged as a people evolve; and I hold that we artists in literature are bound to enlarge it from our own root words, and as hotly to resent and oppose derivation from alien tongues. I hold no brief for journalists; but it is not from the journalistic but from the university, above all from the classic professor, that the debauching of our tongue comes, with their "kinemas" and their "sics"; it is the university man, alas! that writes tags from Latin and Greek instead of using the "vulgar tongue"—it is the Bacons, not the Shakespeares, who do not reach the supreme artistic utterance in the language. These vulgarities have been compelled upon us by the professors, largely for scientific purposes; it is the "genteel" who call the armpit the "axilla"; and whilst many alien words, such as "geranium" and "nasturtium" have become accepted, even these cannot compare with the native words for the flowers.

Next, let us proceed to the most fertile source of poverty of colour in our native utterance. The schoolmaster is compelled to rough-hew general laws of grammar. The academic and precious of mind, learn these laws at school; as they learn a dry bald method in their employment. But the "sensing" of the ear is the sole creator of the artistic use of words. For instance, the common law is that a mute "h" at the beginning of a word compels the definite article "a" before it to take on a consonant and become "an." The merely law-taught go into the world, and instead of being guided by taste, they missapply the law, and we get such hideosities as the Garvin-beloved "a historical novel" and "a historic occasion"! simply because the ear of the offender does not notice that whilst "a history" is right, the emphasis hitting the first syllable and pronouncing the aspirate, the moment we say "historical" the emphasis

glides from the first syllable, and the "h" loses its aspiration in a marked degree without wholly becoming muted; and taste and breeding compel its treatment as if muted, although slightly sounded.

Mr. Paine is suffering from exactly a parallel coarseness of "feeling" for subtleties and shades of meaning when he confuses your quite correct detestation of "kinema" with the employment of English root-words for use where no other word can supply the meaning.

Let Mr. Paine create a better verb than "to sense" which shall convey the act of one who essays to transmit an impression from his senses through the senses to the intelligence or perception of his fellow men.—Yours faithfully,

HALDANE MACFALL.

P.S.—Mr. Paine is on all fours with some of the writers in your columns on the interesting controversy about Bacon. Every sort of fantastic "evidence" is being manufactured; but the vital point against Bacon is that the two men, in the works published under their names, are in their artistic utterance—the colour and use of words—as far asunder as, say in painting, Turner and Blake, or as Milton and Herrick. It is exactly this "sensing" of words that is denied to the Paines, of Barkston Gardens and to Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence; and it is precisely to explain this vital quality of literature as an art that the word "sensing" had to be used—no other being in our tongue to give it. The hopeless impossibility of getting this significance to Mr. Paine only pronounces his inability to feel the significance of the arts. Merely to string "correct" sentences together does not create literature. And Mr. Paine's "sic!" is as vile as the reporter's verb "to gift," with the added bastardy of not even being English in its basis, which at least the other is.

[We regret that our love for the purity of the language compels us to condemn the use of the word "sense" as a verb. We think such use savours of affectation, and the word was only printed by inadvertence.—ED. ACADEMY.]

LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I read with great interest the letters which have appeared in your columns respecting the above.

If such a League is formed, I should be very glad to give it my support, provided that the phrase, "Defence of the Constitution" means that the Constitution will be placed back in the same position which it held prior to the passing of the Parliament Act.

This, of course, would involve the complete abandonment of all the schemes for the reform of the House of Lords which have been put forward by a certain section of the Unionist Party, and the constitution of the Upper House would remain exactly as it stands to-day, though I should like to see the two following reforms put into practice.

Firstly, that all "undesirables" among the Temporal Peers, and secondly, all the Spiritual Peers, should be excluded by means of a Discontinuance of Writs Bill, such as was introduced by the late Lord Salisbury.

It is unnecessary to give any reasons for the expulsion of the "undesirables," as no one, save possibly themselves, would raise any objection to that desirable end.

But the suggested exclusion of the Spiritual Peers would probably cause some controversy, and therefore it is essential that some reason should be stated for that course.

It is notorious that the majority of those who sit on the Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords are rank Socialists, who, under the cloak of religion, are doing irreparable harm by sowing the seeds of discord and discontent.

Moreover, it is quite outside their province to take any

active part in political life, and since clergymen of the Church of England are not permitted to sit in the House of Commons, what logical reason can there be for her bishops to sit in the House of Lords?

If, however, it is inevitable owing to the rampant opportunism which rages in the minds of most of our public men to-day, that the House of Lords should be reconstituted, then let it be done on a sound and proper basis, and the hereditary principle entirely abolished and the purely elective principle substituted.

In conclusion, it is earnestly to be hoped that the suggested formation of the League referred to will receive the attention and support it deserves.—Yours truly,

CONSERVATIVE.

Wellington, January 27, 1913.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—There seems to be no great eagerness to join a league for the defence of the Constitution. In response to my offer to assist at the formation of one, I received one reply. I cannot say I was surprised; I do not think I expected even that one. It is so exactly in keeping with the methods of the Unionist and Constitutional Party. We do a great deal of talking—at times—but there is an utter lack of earnestness or grit. We either have no very great faith in our cause, or we do not really believe that the Empire is in actual danger. At election times we work more or less hard, spasmodically; we stick coloured squares of paper on a map; we have torchlight processions (when we win) and sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" (thinking, also, how well it applies to ourselves), and then we go to sleep again—most of us. Had there been a Unionist Government in power, and had they passed, by the brutal aid of the "gag," three Bills of such far-reaching importance as the Home Rule Bill, the Welsh Disestablishment, the Franchise, every town in England and Wales, and many of the villages also, would have been the scene of meetings by Liberals, Radicals, Socialists, Labourites, denouncing these Bills, stirring up feeling against them. But not so the Unionist Party. We quarrel amongst ourselves over not very important things (for the time being), and we do some public washing of dirty linen; but for the rest—

"We fold our hands,
And suck our gums, and think well of it."

It is not only the Leader of the present Government, or his highly paid supporters, who have betrayed his gracious Majesty and the Constitution.—Yours, etc.,

HAROLD WINTLE, F.R.G.S.

Royal South-Western Yacht Club, Plymouth.

LE STYLE C'EST L'HOMME.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The essential characteristic of a good critic is carefulness and accuracy. Your contributor, who contributes a criticism of Saintsbury's "History of English Prose Rhythm" to the last issue of your very interesting review, quotes as an epigram of Bossuet's "Le style, c'est l'homme." I do not think the eloquent French ecclesiastic troubled himself much with the abstract philosophy of style, but Buffon, the versatile and accomplished scientist, wrote an excellent little treatise on the subject, in which he said, "Le style est l'homme même." The latter statement is often misquoted in the way your contributor has misquoted it, but I do not remember to have ever observed it attributed to Bossuet before. Yours truly,

C. W. NAPIER.

91, Chatsworth Avenue, Orrell Park,
Liverpool.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In noticing Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prose Rhythm" in your issue of January 25, one

of your reviewers attributes the familiar words: "Le style c'est l'homme," to Bossuet, and not to Buffon, to whom they usually have been ascribed. If they were ever used by Bossuet, who died before Buffon was born, it would be interesting to know when and where; but it is possible that the mention of Bossuet was merely a slip on your reviewer's part. In regard to Buffon, the words are but a common misquotation of what he wrote in the "discours de réception," which he read before the French Academy in 1753. In the "Recueil de l'Académie" for that year his words are given as: "Le style est l'homme même"; but I have read somewhere that there is an early impression of his speech in which they appear as: "Le style est de l'homme même." In any case the form: "Le style, c'est l'homme," did not proceed from Buffon's pen.

I have called attention to this matter on various occasions in my time; but misquotations are very hard to kill, particularly when they are protected by the editors of so-called "works of reference." Believe me, Sir, yours faithfully,

LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE: A CHALLENGE.

To the *Editor of THE ACADEMY*.

Sir,—Mr. H. G. Rawlinson throws out a challenge to Baconians, which I accept. He maintains that as Bacon in the "Advancement of Learning" divides poetry into epic, dramatic, and allegorical, and does not even consider lyric or emotional poetry, he cannot be the author of Shakespeare's sonnets. Marvellous conclusion! Bacon divides poetry into "narrative, representative, and allusive." His reason for not including lyric and other emotional forms of poetry he gives explicitly. He says poesy "is taken in two senses, in respect of words or matter. In the first sense it is but a character of style, and belongeth to arts of speech, and is not pertinent for the present." In the Latin translation of this in the "De Augmentis" (1623) a sentence is added to explain that under this head satires, elegies, epigrams, odes, "et hujusmodi," are included. Sonnets certainly come under the "et hujusmodi."

Mr. Rawlinson's second point is that Bacon says the chief function of the drama is to show us a world where the wicked are always punished, and the good always rewarded. Therefore he could not have written "Lear," "Othello," or "Romeo and Juliet." I can find no trace of such a strong statement in the "Advancement," where the drama is only slightly treated of, although in the later Latin translation, "De Augmentis," Bacon adds a fine eulogy concerning the true use and dignity of dramatic poetry as a vehicle of moral instruction. As Spedding says: "It is a curious fact that these remarks on the character of the modern drama were probably written, and were certainly first published, in the same year which saw the first collection of Shakespeare's plays." The paragraph is too long for quotation, but it proves that Bacon saw the extraordinary power the drama was capable of achieving as in the days of Greece and Rome. I have no doubt that Bacon would have agreed with Ruskin that "the catastrophe of every Shakespearean play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that, there is none." Ruskin deducts this from Mr. Rawlinson's three instanced plays—"King Lear," "Othello," and "Romeo and Juliet."

Bacon, we are next informed, considered "the only functions" of poetry to be purely "utilitarian." This is very far from the case as any reader of Bacon can see for himself. To some extent Bacon's three divisions of poetry could only be considered from a "utilitarian" point of view, as they excluded ordinary poetry, lyric, elegiac, etc., from his consideration, as I have shown in the sentence from "De Augmentis." Besides, were the

Shakespearean plays, in their purpose, not wholly "utilitarian"?

Then we are informed by Mr. Rawlinson that "we may see in Bacon's 'Essay of Love' convincing proof that he could not have written 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

This is an old statement which originated with Lord Tennyson. Will you allow me to endeavour to show that on the subject of "Love" Shakespeare and Bacon were in complete agreement? Here are the relative passages on which I found my statement:—

Shakespeare: Love gives to every power a double power.

Bacon: Love gives the mind power to exceed itself.

Shakespeare: Is not love a Hercules?

Bacon: What fortune can be such a Hercules as love?

Shakespeare: Love is first learned in a woman's eyes.

Bacon: The eye where love beginneth.

Shakespeare: Love . . . with the motion of all elements.

Bacon: Love is the motion that animateth all things.

Shakespeare: But for my love . . . where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Bacon: When we want nothing, then is the season and the opportunity and the spring of love.

Shakespeare: By love, the young and tender wit is turn'd to folly.

Bacon: Love is the child of folly.

Shakespeare: Love is merely [wholly] a madness.

Bacon: Transported to the mad degree of love.

Shakespeare: Love will creep in service where it cannot go.

Bacon: Love must creep in service where it cannot go.

Shakespeare: To be wise and love exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Bacon: It is not granted man to love and be wise.

Shakespeare: We are soldiers, and may that soldier a mere recreant prove, that means not, hath not, or is not in love.

Bacon: I know not how, but martial men are given to love.

Shakespeare: Why to love I can allege no cause.

Bacon: Love has no cause.

Shakespeare: It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue in love to the Moor. . . . nor he his to her. . . . she must change for youth.

Bacon: Love is nourished on young flesh.

Shakespeare: Lovers cannot see the pretty follies that themselves commit.

Bacon: A lover always commits some folly.

Shakespeare: O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

Bacon: There is no flatterer like a lover.

Shakespeare: They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars.

Bacon: Lovers never thought their profession sufficiently graced till they had compared it to a warfare.

Shakespeare: He's mad that trusts in . . . a boy's love.

Bacon: A boy's love does not last.

I can give many more passages to show that Shakespeare and Bacon were in exact accord in the whole gamut of love—strong characters not being given to love, of love being fatal to worldly success, of love and self-love, of moderation in love, of witchcraft in love, of the language of love being hyperbolical, of unreciprocated love being treated with contempt, of love the first god, of love not being hid, etc., etc., but the passages are too long for quotation. Most of them will be found in Edwin Reed's book, "The Truth Concerning Stratford-on-Avon and Shakespeare."

May I add that "Romeo and Juliet" is love from a dramatist's point of view, the *Essay on Love* from that of the philosopher? "Romeo and Juliet," with its plot and passion borrowed from the Italian of Bandello (per translations of Broke and Painter), was the first of the Shakespearean tragedies, and is ascribed to 1591, when Bacon was thirty years old and Shakespeare twenty-seven. The first appearance of the *Essay on Love* was

in the edition of 1612 (when Bacon was fifty-one), and it started, "Love is the argument always of comedies, and many times of tragedies." In the augmented edition of 1625 this was altered to "The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief." This was written in 1625, when Bacon was sixty-four years old, and after an experience of married life of a rather harried description. His wife was a shrew, and he left her nothing but her "rights" in a codicil to his will. No wonder if his youthful ideas of "Love" had changed in the interval between 1591 and 1625!

Although there are many points in Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's theories that I do not accept, e.g., the silly attribution of the authorship of "Don Quixote" and the translation of the Bible to Bacon. I voluntarily take up Mr. Rawlinson's challenge to him and to other "Baconians who have never read Bacon."—I am, etc., 7, Warrender Park Crescent. GEORGE STRONACH. Edinburgh, Jan. 13, 1913.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.
To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—With your gracious permission I galop to play a part in the Bacon-Shakespeare comedy. Pourquois, which is in the boorish Wye? The truth of the axiom that Bacon wrote the plays so insolently and baselessly attributed to the ignorant clown of Stratford (poor deaf and blind rustic who limped on his left leg) is patent. Education in those days was practically in the state in which St. Augustine found it. Monastery and abbey and charity schools were then unknown. Schools such as Queen Elizabeth's, at Ipswich and elsewhere, taught nothing but the alphabet in Anglo-Saxon, French, and Latin, and possibly the proper occasion on which to utter *Miserere mei Deus*. Grammar, rhetoric, poetry, and Greek, were nowhere taught until introduced into this country by Bacon, shortly before his invention of the English language and literature, and about the period he taught Samuel Pepys the art of secret cypher. The 1723-25 edition of the plays and others containing, for example, engravings of Francis Drake and James I purporting to be likenesses of Shakespeare, are clearly the result of the publisher's habit of using, for the sake of filthy lucre, a single woodblock for several purposes. The edition, on the title page of which Francis Bacon is depicted, is alone the genuine one. The same may be said of paintings like the Welbeck Abbey miniatures of Shakespeare. It is only when we deny the *a priori* certainty (confirmed by mystical designed coincidences) of Bacon's authorship that we have destructive literature and archaeology to reconcile with our assumptions. It is, however, impossible to reason with persons under a spell.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully.

E. D. HEARN.

Derby, January 18.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In THE ACADEMY of January 4, Mr. Smedley asks where the letter of George Peele to "Friend Marle," which I quoted *in extenso* in your issue of December 21, 1912, is to be found. I am sorry to say that I can give no information on this point. I myself copied the letter from a cutting I had preserved out of the London *Globe*. I did not note the date of the number, but I feel sure that it was either in 1881 or 1882, certainly not later than 1883. The article in question was headed: "More about Old Taverns," and began as follows: "The borough of Southwark has always been famous for its inns. First of all that one, where Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, Knight, and nine and twenty pilgrims lodged on their journey to Canterbury in 1383, and were well eased at the best," etc. It was at the "Windmill" in St. George's-fields (Peter Cunningham curiously enough does not mention the

hostelry) that Shakespeare, and Marlowe, and Big Ben, with Alleyn, Drayton, and Peele met to smoke their pipes and quaff their canary. Was there any reminiscence of a particularly "wet night" there in Master William Shakespeare's brain when he wrote the following?—

Falstaff: I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shallow: Oh, Sir John, do you remember when we lay in the "Windmill" in St. George's-fields?

Falstaff: No more of that, good Master Shallow; no more of that.

Shallow: Ha, it was a merry night.

There was another celebrated tavern, the "Globe," in those parts, of which the site is doubtful, unless, as is possible, it took its name from its proximity to the Globe Theatre. It may have been the "Rules" of the period, as the Globe playhouse stood pretty nearly where Barclay's brewery stands now. There is a letter extant from George Peele, mentioned above, of Christ Church College, Oxford, poet and dramatist, which mentions this tavern, and is worth quoting. Then comes the letter. The latter half of the article I did not cut out, so have no means of ascertaining who the author was, supposing it was signed. Perhaps information could be given at the London office of the *Globe* or at Oxford.

I am not a Shakespeare expert and will willingly listen to "color che sanno," but still I must repeat that Ben Jonson was a deceiver if he knew that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. If Ben knew that S. was B. why was he always so particular to call attention to S.'s "small Latin and less Greek," in order to prove that in point of scholarship his friend was no match for him, the learned Ben Jonson? If we are to read everywhere Francis Bacon instead of William Shakespeare, we must wonder at Ben's thinking himself the superior of the author of the "De Augmentis Scientiarum." If the Stratford bard had not been the author of "Hamlet," his colleagues at the theatre would soon have found the man out, and testimony as to the fraud would have been forthcoming. Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare" is considered to be the most trustworthy biography of our greatest poet, and what we read therein of Shakespeare's fame, contemporary and posthumous, suffices to clear up all doubt in most minds as to the authorship of the plays in question. Besides, Shakespeare, as we all know, occasionally makes slips that are pardonable when we know that the author was an autodidact, but which are incomprehensible if we suppose them as proceeding from the pen of the learned Chancellor. But perhaps Mr. Smedley will think that I am wandering from the point.—Yours faithfully,

(Prof.) ROBERT H. HOAR.

St. Gallen, January 15.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—"Tom Jones" suggests that I reject the evidence of Francis Meres (Florio's brother-in-law). I do not. I accept it for what it is worth. In 1598 Meres was acquainted with the fact that poems and plays had been published under the name of Shakespeare. He also knew of plays by that author not published. He described Shakespeare's gift of poetry as mellifluous and honey-tongued. He states that "as Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy amongst the Latins, so Shakespeare amongst the English is the best for both kinds for the Stage," and then enumerates plays, some of which, but for this reference, would not have been known to be written at the date. But the point in dispute is whether "William Shakespeare" is the pen-name of an author who desired to remain unknown, or whether it represents the Stratford man. This comment of Meres cannot weigh for or against either contention. Substitute for William Shakespeare the name "George Eliot." When Miss Evans' novels under that name were attracting notice, one George Eliot came for-

ward and claimed them as his own. Because a critic had referred to the works as those of "George Eliot" would that put out of court the claims of Miss Marian Evans to their authorship? Nothing that Francis Meres has written bears upon the question in dispute. The name, William Shakespeare, was chosen by Bacon apart from and without reference to him of Stratford, who has since been associated with it.

If the man of Stratford had been the author, he could not have lived and died without someone recognising him as the author of the most marvellous literary productions the world has known. Up to the year 1623, seven years after the date of the Stratford man's death, there are only, outside of Stratford, so far as I know, three historical records of the name. There is the entry in the Lord Chamberlain's accounts of a payment to Burbage, Shakespeare and Kemp, for the performance of plays at Greenwich in December, 1594. There is a licence granted by James I in May, 1603, to a company of players in which the name of Shakespeare appears, and there is the conveyance of a house in Blackfriars in 1613, and on the following day the mortgage, both containing the name. None of these touch the dispute. Neither do any of the family records at Stratford. So we get no help in our inquiries from historical records.

There are during his lifetime no contemporary allusions by writers which connect the Stratford man with the authorship. The allusion to the name which would give most colour to the Stratford authorship is in "The Scourge of Folly," 1611, in lines addressed "To our English Terence, Mr. Will Shake-speare." The author was John Davies of Hereford. Mr. Douce, in his monograph on the Northumberland manuscript (1598) claims to have proved that the handwriting on the cover was that of Davies. Here, and here only, are the two names "William Shakespeare" and "Francis Bacon" to be found associated together. They are scribbled, again and again, with other notes referring to the plays and Bacon's essays! John Davies of Hereford is a very dangerous man for anti-Baconians to cite.

The Shakespeare plays and poems were not normal to the Elizabethan period. In any period of literature, either in England or elsewhere, they would stand out as productions distinct and apart from all others. At the time of their publication their supreme merits were unrecognised and unappreciated. Their author was a linguist. He was certainly proficient in Greek, Latin, French, Italian and Spanish. I can quote distinguished Shakespearean scholars in support of this statement. He was a jurist. Lord Chief Justice Campbell's testimony as to his knowledge of "some of the most abstruse proceedings in English jurisprudence" substantiates this statement. He was a philosopher. Thomas Carlyle said: "In the constructing of Shakespeare's dramas there is an understanding manifested equal to that in Bacon's 'Novum Organum.'" Of him, whom Charles Dickens called "The great master who knew everything," Lowell in "Among My Books" wrote, "The range and accuracy of his knowledge were beyond precedent or later parallel." It is no extravagant statement that "it is a truth past all debate, that among the great ones of the earth Shakespeare stands alone in unapproachable majesty." And yet this intellectual giant lived, wrote, and died, if he were the Stratford man, without any contemporary leaving behind any record that he was aware of his existence. If the Elizabethan age was not one of literary biography there is an abundance of writers who mention their great contemporaries. No man is a greater authority on this subject than Dr. G. M. Ingleby, a man of letters and a ripe Shakespearean scholar. He compiled "Shakespeare's Centurie of Praye," and in doing so devoted two years to a search through the literature of the period for every allusion which could be connected with Shakespeare. He writes, "The absence of sundry great names with which no pains of research, scrutiny or

study could connect, the most trivial allusion to the bard or his works is tacitly significant; the iteration of the same vapid and affected compliments, couched in conventional terms, from writers of the first two periods (1592 to 1641); comparing Shakespeare's 'tongue,' 'pen,' or 'vein' to sugar, honey, silver or nectar, while they ignore his greater and distinguishing qualities is expressly significant. It is plain, for one thing, that the bard of our admiration was unknown to the men of that age." Emerson wrote, "Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society; yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe."

If once the transcendent grandeur of the poet is realised—that he was "sui generis" the only exemplar of his species—the first step has been taken towards understanding the Baconian position. But the anti-Baconians seek to belittle the great poet in order that they may escape the inexorable logic of their adversaries.

Will "Tom Jones" advance any evidence to prove that the plays were the property of the theatre? Or that as co-proprietor Shakespeare published some of them in quarto? I do not know of any. Shakespeare's fame has not been due to the representation of the plays on the stage. He had no fame in his own time. No one who has a knowledge from original sources of the Elizabethan public theatres, of the plays produced at them, of the conditions under which they were produced, of the audiences which frequented them, can for one moment believe that any Shakespeare play as printed was produced at a public theatre either in the time of Elizabeth or James. If a performance had been commenced the actors would have been pelted off the stage before the first act was finished.

It is as a poet and philosopher that Shakespeare's fame is mainly attributable. Around his works a great literature has been reared. Books and articles have been written to prove that he was a divine, a Roman Catholic, an atheist, an occultist, a philosopher, a printer, a physician, a mad doctor, a schoolmaster, a lawyer, a soldier, a sailor, a musician, a physiologist, a psychologist, a botanist, an entomologist, a zoologist, an ethnologist, an ornithologist, an alchemist, etc.

For every hour of pleasure and instruction that his works have given by representation on the stage they have afforded tens of thousands of hours of delight to tens of thousands of people who have never seen a dramatic representation.

The appreciation of the superlative merit of the Shakespeare poems and plays is a product of the nineteenth century. Writing in 1874, Dr. Ingleby makes this remarkable pronouncement:—

"We are at length slowly rounding to a just estimate of his works; and the time seems to be at hand when men of culture will attribute to the object of their admiration a much higher range of powers than were requisite for the production of the most popular and the most successful dramas in the world."

And Dr. Ingleby was not a Baconian!

It is impossible to suppose that the prose writer who in "Hamlet," Act II, Scene 2, raised prose to the sublimest pitch of verse, left no other works behind him than the plays and poems bearing his name.

I should be glad to have an opportunity of discussing with "Tom Jones" the testimony of the 1623 Folio. When the facts become known as to that volume all controversy must be ended. The lines "To the Reader" prefixed to it will be recognised as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, achievements of the human intellect.

Fifty years before there was any Baconian theory, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, after enumerating the various subjects treated by Shakespeare, wrote:—

"Compare with Shakespeare under each of these heads all or any of the writers that have ever lived! Who that is competent to judge doubts the result? And ask

your own hearts, ask your own common-sense, to conceive the possibility of this man being—I say not, the drunken savage of that wretched sciolist whom Frenchmen, to their shame, have honoured before their elder and better worthies, but the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism! What! are we to have miracles in sport?—or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"

11, Hart Street, W.C.
January 25, 1913.

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Book of Old China. By Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

British Lighthouses: Their History and Romance. By J. Saxby Wryde. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Portraits and Speculations. By Arthur Ransome. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Down the Mackenzie and up the Yukon in 1906. By E. Stuart. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

The Hindu Realism: Being an Introduction to the Metaphysics of the Nyâya-Vaisheshika System of Philosophy. By J. C. Chatterji, B.A. (Kegan Paul and Co. 4s. net.)

Two Great Tariff Trials of 1912. By W. E. Dowding. With an Introduction by Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P. (National Press Agency. 3d. net.)

The A B C Fiscal Handbook. (The Free Trade Union. 1s. net.)

Who Pays? An Inquiry into the real Incidence of Taxation. By Robert Henry. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d.)

Abraham Lincoln: A Historical Drama in Four Acts. By Martin L. D. Bunge. (Co-operative Printery, Milwaukee, U.S.A.)

Animals in Their Relation to Empire. (Cruelties in India.) By the Hon. Mrs. Charlton. (Animals' Friend Society. 2d. post free.)

A Vertebrate Fauna of the Malay Peninsula: Reptilia and Batrachia. By George A. Boulenger, D.Sc. (Taylor and Francis.)

Modern Politics: Leading Articles Reprinted from "The Commentator." May, 1910-May, 1912. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

The Lords of the Devil's Paradise. By G. Sidney Pater-noster. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

FICTION.

Sir Galahad of the Army. By Hamilton Drummond. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

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THEOLOGY.

The Church and Religious Unity. By Herbert Kelly. (Longmans and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

Church and Manor. By Sidney Oldall Addy, M.A. (George Allen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Positive Evolution of Religion: Its Moral and Social Reaction. By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L. (Wm. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)

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The Veil of Hebrew History: A Further Attempt to Lift It. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Revue Bleue; Mercure de France; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Cambridge Magazine; Bulletin of the British Library of Political Science; Manchester Quarterly; Penrose's Annual, 1913; Stage Year Book, 1913; Publishers' Circular; Cambridge University Reporter; Rajput Herald; Bookseller; Atlantic Monthly; Journal of English Studies; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Boy's Own Paper; Sunday at Home; Friendly Greetings; Everyone's Story Magazine.

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